Ode to Charity

COMPOSED

and inscribed to

The Institutors and Supporters

OF

The Patriotic Fund.

BY

G. E. GRIFFIN.

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from her Friend

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OUVERTURE

LARGO

f *f* *p*

f *f* *p*

dim

pp CRES *f*

ff *p* *pp* CRES

f *ff* *p*

ALLEGRO

ten

f

fz

CRES

ff

4

p

p

f

p

p

f

ff

p

CRES

ff

dolce

ff fz

fz fz p

CRES f ff

fz fz ff

fz fz fz

Ped Ped

ff Ped p

6

ten

p

hr *hr* *hr*

sf

p

f

hr *hr* *hr* *hr*

fz *fz* *fz* *fz* *p*

f

fz *fz* *fz* *fz*

fz *fz* *fz*

fz *fz* *fz*

CRES

ff

ODE TO CHARITY.

		PAGE
1	Overture.	1
2	Recitative.	9
	Sweet Soother of Distress! — Thou, heavnly Maid, Relievst the shock of War; and bring'st thine aid To frantic kindred — whose Supporter gone! — What hand shall raise them? — Charity alone.	
3	Air.	10
	The Orphan's tears, the Widow's sighs, The wounded Briton's helpless cries Thy Bounty turns to signs of Joy, And songs of Praise their tongues employ.	
4	Recitative.	15
	Stern Penury, who once, with iron reign, Thousands opprest with Misery and Pain;	
5	Chorus.	16
	Aw'd by thy word, has fled this happy Isle,	
6	Quartett.	28
	And Plenty cheers them with her sweetest smile.	
7	Recitative.	40
	Nor yet to these alone thy bounteous Arm Affords Relief; — In distant Climes thy balm Its genial Influence sheds; — extending wide To Britain's brave Defenders, — Neptune's pride.	
8	Air.	41
	The Warrior, who, in foreign lands, Has sigh'd the ling'ring hours away, Now joyful thanks the libral hands, Which all his dang'rous toils repay.	
9	Recitative.	48
	*And though in solemn gratitude we mourn A Hero slain! — from us for ever torn; Still Britain's sons their Patriot Zeal shall prove, And future Nelsons claim their country's love.	
10	Chorus.	49
	Sound ev'ry voice! — let pealing Organs blow In full harmonious tones!	
11	Duet.	54
	——(Or breathing soft Along the sacred walls, in cadence low,) —	
12	Chorus.	60
	'Till Heav'n receives th'enraptur'd strains aloft.	
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* Written on the Morning of Lord Nelson's and the Funeral.

LARGO

RECITATIVE

Sweet Soother sweet Soother of Distress Thou _ heavinly

Maid reliev'st the Shock of War And bring'st thine aid

LENTO e pp

to frantic kindred whose Supine [illegible] what hand what hand shall

raise them CHARI_TY a _ lone

ANDANTE MODERATO

AIR

p

p

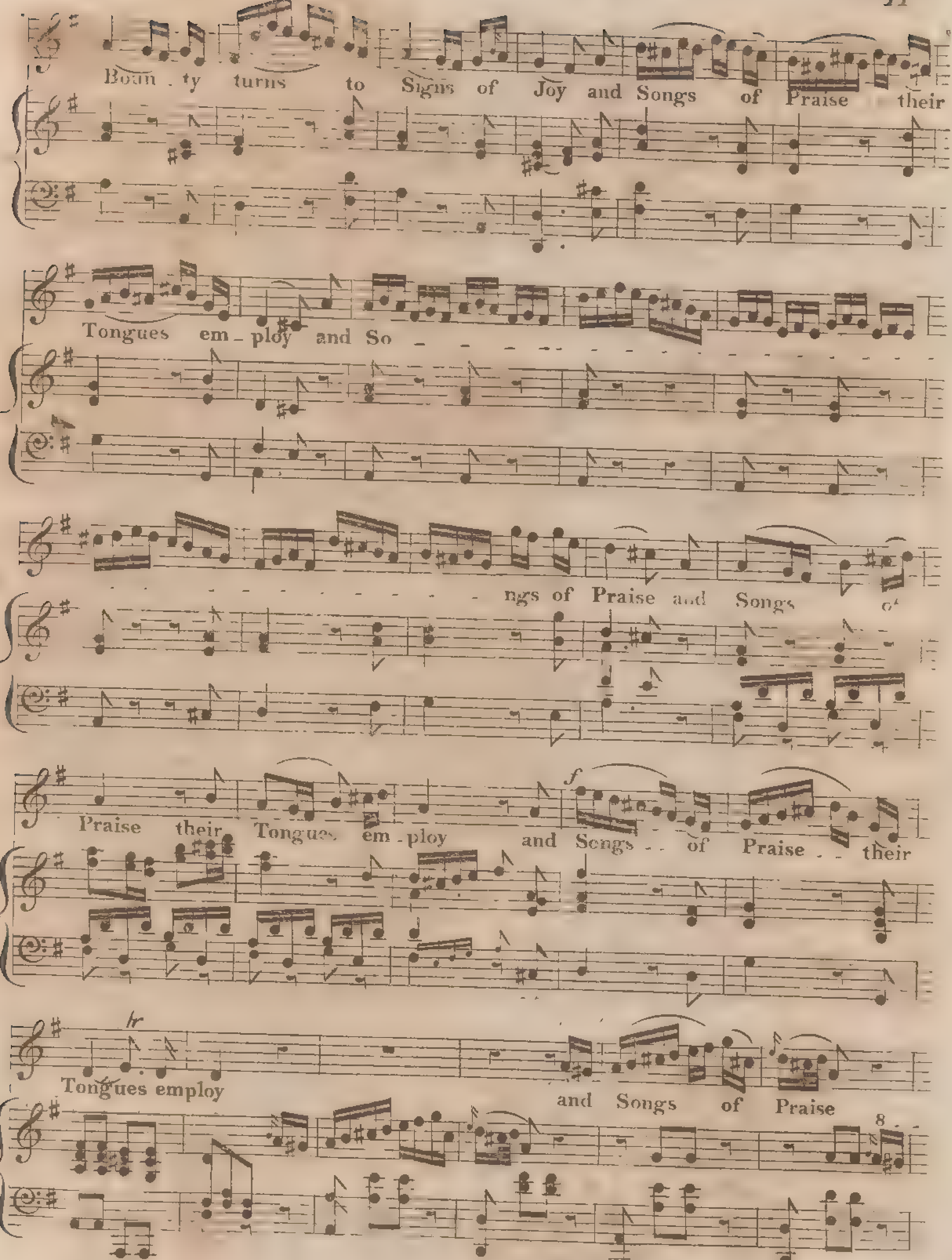
p

The Or - - - phan's tears the Wi - - - dow's sighs The

p

wound - - ed Bri - ton's help - - less cries Thy

f


Boun - ty turns to Signs of Joy and Songs of Praise their
Tongues em - ploy and So - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - ngs of Praise and Songs of
Praise their Tongues em - ploy and Songs of Praise their
Tongues employ and Songs of Praise

Their Tongues em - ploy and Songs of Praise their

Tongues employ

cres

The Or - phan's

tears the Widow's sighs the wound - ed Bri - ton's help - less cries the

Or - phan's tears the Wi - dow's sighs the wound - ed Bri - ton's help - - less

cries the Or _ _ phan's tears the Wi _ dow's sighs the wound _ ed

Bri _ _ tain's help _ less cries thy Boun _ _ ty turns to Signs of Joy and

8va

Songs of Praise their Tongues em _ ploy and So

ngs of Praise and Songs of

Praise their Tongues employ and Songs of Praise their Tongues employ

8

And Songs of Praise

their Tongues em - ploy and Songs of Praise their

p *p* *f*

Tongues em - ploy

f

f

Largo

Recitative

f *hr*

Stern Penury who

cres *f* *p*

once with Iron Reign thousands

p *p*

thousands op - prest with Mi - se - ry and Pain

f Segue Subito Coro

CORO Allegro Vivace

Canto

Alto *

Tenore *

Basso

Awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle has fled - - - -

Piano Forte

Allegro Vivace

Awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle has

has fled this happy Isle has fled this Isle has fled has fled this happy

* The Alto and Tenor parts are arranged in the treble and bass Clefs for the accommodation of Performers not accustomed to the tenor Clef

Awd by thy word has fled this happy

fled - - - - has fled this hap - py Isle - - has fled this hap - py

Isle has fled has fled this hap - - py Isle has fled this Isle has fled has

Awd by thy word has

Isle has fled - - - has fled this hap - - py Isle has fled has

Isle this, hap - - py Isle has fled this hap - py Isle by thy word has

Isle has fled this hap - - py Isle has fled this hap - py hap - py Isle

fled this happy Isle has fled - - - - has fled this hap - py Isle has fled this

fled this happy Isle has fled - - - - has fled this hap - py Isle has fled

fled this happy Isle has fled - - - - has fled this hap - py Isle has fled this

Awd by thy word has fled has fled this happy hap - py Isle

p

hap - py hap - - py Isle has fled this Isle has fled - - - has fled this

Awd by thy word aw'd by thy word has fled this

hap - py hap - - py Isle has fled has fled this Isle

Awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle has fled - - - - this

ff

hap - - py Isle has fled this happy Isle has fled has fled this happy

hap - - py Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy

awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle has fled has fled this Isle

hap - - py Isle has fled this happy Isle has fled this Isle has fled this

hap - - py Isle . Awd by thy word - - has fled this happy Isle - - has

hap - - py Isle has fled has fled - - this hap - - py Isle has

awd by thy word has fled this Isle awd by thy word

hap - - py Isle has fled this Isle has fled - - this Isle

fled this hap - - py hap - - py Isle awd by thy word

fled this hap - - py hap - - py Isle has fled this hap - py Isle has fled this

this hap - py Isle has fled this hap - py Isle has fled this

p

fled - - has fled this hap - py Isle awd - - -

p *p*

awd by thy word *for* awd by thy word has fled this hap py Isle

hap - - py Isle has fled this Isle has fled has fled this hap - py Isle has fled this

hap - - py Isle has fled has fled this hap - py Isle has fled this

awd - - - fled this hap - py Isle

for *for* *for* *fin* *fin*

for *fin*

fia.

awd by thy word awd by thy word awd by thy word has fled this

hap . . py Isle has fled this hap . . py Isle has fled this hap - py Isle has fled this

hap . . py Isle has fled this hap . . . py Isle has fled this hap - py Isle this

fia.

awd by thy word has fled this hap - py Isle awd by thy word . . has

pp

for.

hap - py Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle

hap . . py Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle

hap py Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle

for.

hap . . py Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle

for

awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle has fled this happy Isle has

awd by thy word has fled this Isle awd by thy word has

awd by thy word has fled _ _ awd by thy word has fled

áwd by thy word has fled _ _ this Isle

fled this happy Isle has fled this hap - py Isle awd by thy word has

fled _ has fled has fled this hap - py Isle awd by thy word has

fled this Isle awd by thy word has

awd by thy word has fled this happy

p *fz*

fled this happy Isle . . has fled this hap - py Isle has fled has fled has

fled has fled this happy Isle this hap - py Isle has fled has fled has

fled has fled . . has fled this hap - py Isle has fled has fled has

has fled has fled this happy Isle has fled has fled has

fled this happy Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has

fled this happy Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has

fled this happy Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has

fled this happy Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has

8

fled has fled has fled this happy Isle . . has fled . . this hap py

fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has fled this hap py

fled has fled has fled this Isle has fled . . this hap - py

fled has fled has fled this Isle . . has fled . . this hap - py

ff

p

hap . . py Isle aw'd by thy word has fled this happy . Isle has

p

hap . . py Isle aw'd by thy word has fled this happy Isle has

p

hap . . py Isle aw'd . . . has fled this hap . . . . py Isle has

hap - py Isle

p

pp

fled this hap - py hap - py Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy

fled this hap - py hap - py Isle

pp

awd by thy word has

fled this hap - py hap - py Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy

pp

awd awd by thy word has

hr

pp

Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle

fled this happy Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy

Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy Isle

fled this happy Isle awd by thy word has fled this happy

awd by thy word has fled this hap_ py Isle

Isle has fled has fled this hap_ py Isle awd by thy word _ _ _ _

awd by thy word has fled this Isle awd by thy word _ _ _ awd by thy

Isle awd by thy

awd by thy word has fled _ _ _

_ _ _ _ has fled has fled this hap py Isle awd by thy word

word has fled has fled this hap.py Isle awd by thy word

word awd by thy word awd by thy word

_ _ _ _ has fled has fled this hap py Isle awd by thy word

word has fled has fled this hap.py Isle awd by thy word

word awd by thy word awd by thy word

has fled this hap-py hap-py Isle has fled this happy Isle

aw'd by thy word has fled this hap-py Isle has fled this happy Isle

aw'd by thy word has fled this hap-py Isle has fled this happy Isle

aw'd by thy word has fled this Isle

has fled this hap - - py Isle

has fled this hap - - py Isle

has fled this hap - - py Isle

has fled this hap - - py Isle

Segue Quartetto

QUARTETTO ANDANTE PASTORALE

SOLI

CANTO 1MO

CANTO 2DO

TENORE

BASSO

And

And

p

ANDANTE PASTORALE

Plen - ty cheers them with her sweet - est sweet - - est smile

Plen - ty cheers them with her sweet - est sweet - - est smile her

with her smile

her sweet - - est smile

her sweet - - est sweetest sweetest smile her sweet - est

sweet - est smile her sweetest sweetest smile her

her

with her smile her

smile her sweetest sweetest smile and

sweetest sweet - - - est smile and Plen - - ty cheers them

smile her sweetest sweetest smile and Plen - - ty

sweet - - est sweet - - - est smile

with her sweet - est smile and with her sweetest sweet - est

with her smile and Plenty cheers them with her sweet - est

cheers us with her smile . . . and with her sweet - est

her sweet - est smile her smile her sweet - est

smile and Plen - - ty cheers them and

smile and Plen - - ty cheers them and

smile and Plen - - ty sweet - - - ly smiles

smile and Plen - - ty cheers them with - - her smile

Plenty cheers them with her sweet - est sweet - - est smile

Plenty cheers them with her sweet - est sweet - - est smile

with her smile

her sweet - - est smile

her sweetest smile her

her sweet - - est smile her

with - - - - - her

her smile her

sweetest sweetest smile her sweetest smile her sweet_est sweetest

smile her smile her smile her smile her

sweetest sweetest smile her sweet_est smile her sweetest sweetest

smile sweet est smile

smile And Plen_ty cheers them with her sweet_est

smile And with her sweetest

smile And Plenty cheers them with her sweet_est sweet est

smile her

smile and Plen-ty cheers them with her sweetest

smile And with her sweetest

smile and Plenty cheers them with her sweet-est sweet - - - - est

smile her sweet - - - est

smile her sweetest smile her sweet - - est smile

smile her sweet - est smile her sweet - - est smile

smile sweet - est smile with - - her smile

Cres. dim

sweet - est smile her sweetest sweetest smile

sweet - est sweet - est sweet - - - est smile

dim

Cres

sweet - est smile her sweetest sweetest smile and

sweet - est smile her sweet - - - est smile and Plen - - ty

Cres. dim

and Plen - - ty cheers them and Plenty cheers them with her sweetest

and Plen - - ty smiles and Plenty cheers them with her sweetest

Plen - - ty sweet - - ly smiles

cheers them with her smile her

sweet - - est. smile

sweet - - est smile

sweet - - est smile

sweet - - est smile

her sweetest smile her sweetest smile her

her sweet - est smile her sweet - - est smile and

her sweet - est smile her sweet - - est smile and

her smile her smile

sweet - - est smile sweet - est smile

Plen - ty cheers them with her sweet - - est smile

Plen - ty cheers them with her sweet - - est smile

her sweet - - - est smile

CORO TEMPO PRIMO

Aw'd by thy word - - has fled - - this

Aw'd by thy word has fled this hap - - py

Aw'd by thy word - - has fled this hap - - - py happy

Aw'd by thy word has fled this happy Isle has fled - - - -

TEMPO PRIMO

fled this happy hap - - py Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy

Isle has fled this hap - - py Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy

Isle has fled this hap - - py Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy

- - has fled this hap - - py Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy

Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has fled has

Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has fled has

Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has fled has

Isle has fled has fled has fled this happy Isle has fled has

8

fled has fled this happy Isle and Plen - ty cheers them with her sweet -

fled has fled this happy Isle and Plenty cheers them with her sweet -

fled has fled this Isle and Plen - ty cheers them with her sweet -

fled has fled this Isle and Plen - ty cheers them with her sweet -

- - - est smile with her sweet - - - est

- - - est smile with her sweet - - - est

- - est smile with her sweet - - - est

- - est smile with her sweet - - - est

f *fz* *fz*

with - - her sweet - - - - - - - - est smile her

with - - her sweet - - est sweet - - - est smile her

with - - her sweet - - - - - - - - - est smile her

with - - her sweet - - - - - - - - - est smile her

Cres. *ff*

sweetest smile her sweetest smile

sweetest smile her sweetest smile

sweetest smile her sweetest smile

sweetest smile her sweetest smile

fz *fz*

TENORE

Nor yet to these a - lone thy bounteous arm affords re -

RECITATIVE

- lief in distant climes thy balm its genial Influence sheds extending

wide to Britain's brave de - fenders to Britain's brave de -

- fenders NEPTUNE'S Pride

ANDANTE MAESTOSO

TENORE

AIR

f

p

for

for

The Warrior the

War - - - - - - - - - - rior who in fo - - - reign

f

p

Lands has sighd has sighd

f *pp*

hr

the ling - ring hours a - way has sigh'd

has sigh'd the ling' - ring hours

hr

a - - - way

dd

Now joyful thanks the lib'_ _ ral hands

ALLEGRO VIVACE

which all his dang'_ _ rous toils re _ pay now joyful thanks the

lib _ _ _ ral hands which all his dang'_ rous toils re _ _

pay which all his dang'_ rous toils re _ pay which

all his toils his toils re - pay which all his

toils his dang'rous toils re - pay

The War - - - - - rior the War - - - - -

- - rior the War - - - - - - - rior who in fo - reign lands

now joyful thanks the lib - - ral hands which all his dang' - rous

toils re - pay now joyful thanks the lib' - - ral

hands which all his dang' - rous toils re - pay

which all his dang'rous toils re - pay

now joyful thanks the lib' ral hands which all his

dang' - rous toils re - pay which all his toils his

toils re - pay which all his dang'rous toils re -

- pay which all his toils his toils re - pay which

all his dang'rous toils re - pay which all

Ores

his toils his dang'rous toils - - - re - pay

lr

f

fz fz ff

fz

Largo e Piano

Recitative

though in solemn Gra_titude in solemn Gratitude we mourn a Hero

slain! A Hero slain! from us for e_ver torn Still Britain's

Sons their Patriot zeal shall prove and future Nelsons claim their Country's love

CORO. ANDANTE.

f

ANDANTE

Sound

Sound

Sound

Sound

Sound Sound

Sound Sound

Sound Sound

Sound Sound

Sound Sound

Sound Sound

Sound Sound

Sound Sound

Sound ev'- ry voice Sound ev'- ry voice

Sound ev'- ry voice Sound ev'- ry voice

Sound ev'- ry voice Sound ev'- ry voice

Sound ev'- ry voice Sound ev'- ry voice

sound ev'- ry voice let peal - - - - - ing

sound ev'- ry voice let peal - - - - - ing

sound ev'- ry voice let peal - - - - - ing

sound ev'- ry voice let peal - - - - - ing

Or - - - - - - gans blow let peal - ing Or - - gans

Or - - - - - - gans peal - - - - - - ing Or - - - - - - gans

peal - - - - - - - ing Or - - - - - - gans blow - - - - let

Or - - - - - - - gans blow - - - - let - - - - let

blow - - - let peal - ing Or - gans blow in full har -

blow - - - let peal - ing Or - gans blow in full har -

peal - - - - - ing peal - ing Or - gans blow in full har -

peal - - - - - - ing peal - ing Or - gans blow in full har -

- mo - nious tones in full har - -

- mo - nious tones in full har - -

- mo - nious tones in full har - -

- mo - nious tones in full har - -

- - - mo - - - - - - nious tones

- - - mo - - - - - - nious tones

- - - mo - - - - - - nious tones

- - - mo - - - - - - nious tones

DUETTO Largo e Piano

Tenore

Basso

Organo Solo

Diapasons

Or breathing breathing

Or breathing breathing

pp

soft a - long the sa - cred walls or breathing breathing

soft a - long the sa - cred walls or breathing breathing

soft a - long the sacred walls in Ca - dence low in

soft a - long the sacred walls in Ca - dence low in

ca - - dence low Or breathing

ca - - dence low Or breath - - - ing

soft Or breathing breathing soft in Cadence Ca - - dence low

soft Or breathing breathing soft in Cadence Ca - - dence low

Or breathing breathing soft a - long the sacred

Or breathing breathing soft a - long the sacred

walls in Ca - - dence low

walls in Ca - - dence low

Segue il Coro

CORO

Sound ev'- ry voice Sound ev'- ry voice

Sound ev'- ry voice Sound ev'- ry voice

Sound ev'- ry voice Sound ev'- ry voice

Sound ev'- ry voice Sound ev'- ry voice

sound ev'- ry voice let peal - - - - ing Or - - - -

sound ev'- ry voice let peal - - - - ing Or - - - -

sound ev'- ry voice let peal - - - - ing peal - - - -

sound ev'- ry voice let peal - - - - ing Or - - - -

Ped

- - - gans blow - - - let peal - ing Or - - gans blow

- - - - gans peal - - - - - - ing Or - - - - - - gans blow

- - - - ing Or - - - - - - gans blow - - - , let peal - -

- - - gans blow - - - - let - - - - - let peal - -

Ped

- - let pealing Or - gans blow in full har - -

- - let pealing Or - gans blow in full har - -

- - - ing pealing Or - gans blow in full har - -

- - - ing pealing Or - gans blow in full har - -

mo - - nious tones in full - - -

mo - - nious tones in full - - -

mo - - nious tones in full - - -

mo - - nious tones in full - - -

har - - - mo - - - - - nious tones

har - - - mo - - - - - nious tones

har - - - mo - - - - - nious tones

har - - - mo - - - - - nious tones

CORO ALLEGRO MODERATO

'Till Heav'n re_ceives th'enraptur'd Strains a_ _ loft th'en

'Till Heav'n re_ _ _ ceives th'en_

ALLEGRO MODERATO

_ raptur'd Strains a_ _ loft the Strains a_ _ loft 'till Heav'n re_

_ raptur'd Strains a_ _ loft the Strains a_ _ loft 'till Heav'n re

'Till Heav'n re_ceives th'enraptur'd Strains a_

- ceives the Strains a - - loft th'en - rap - - tur'd Strains a - -

- ceives th'en rap - - tur'd Strains th'en - rap - - tur'd Strains a - - -

- loft the Strains a - - loft the Strains - - - a - - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives th'en - rap - tur'd Strains 'till Heav'n re -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives 'till Heav'n re - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains 'till Heav'n re - -

'Till Heav'n re - - ceives th'enrapturdStrainsa -

-ceives the Strains a-loft the Strains a-loft 'till Heav'n re-

-ceives the Strains a--loft the Strains a--loft 'till Heav'n re-

-ceives the Strains a-loft the Strains a--loft 'till Heav'n receives the

-loft th'enraptur'd Strains a-loft the Strains a--loft 'till Heav'n re-

-ceives the Strains a--loft 'till Heav'n re-ceives the Strains a--

-ceives the Strains a--loft 'till Heav'n re-ceives the Strains a---

the Strains a--loft 'till Heav'n re-ceives the Strains a--

-ceives the Strains a--loft 'till Heav'n re-ceives the Strains a---

- loft let

- loft 'till Heav'n re-ceives the Strains a - loft th'enraptur'd Strains a - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re-ceives the Strains a - - loft th'enraptur'd Strains a - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re-ceives the Strains a - loft th'enraptur'd Strains a - -

pealing pealing Or-gans blow 'till Heav'n receives the Strains a - loft 'till

loft let pealing Or-gans blow 'till Heav'n receives the Strains a - loft 'till

loft let pealing Or-gans blow 'till Heav'n receives the Strains a - loft 'till

loft let pealing Or-gans blow 'till Heav'n receives the Strains a - loft 'till

Cl.

Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - loft let

Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - - loft let

Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - loft let

Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - - loft let

pealing pealing Organs blow 'till Heav'n receives the Strains a - loft 'till

pealing pealing Organs blow 'till Heav'n receives the Strains a - loft 'till

pealing pealing Organs blow 'till Heav'n receives the Strains a - loft 'till

pealing pealing Organs blow 'till Heav'n receives the Strains a - loft 'till

Heav'n re - ceives th'en - rap - tur'd Strains a - - loft

Heav'n re - ceives th'en - rap - tur'd Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - -

Heav'n re - ceives th'en - rap - tur'd Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - -

Heav'n re - ceives th'en - rap - tur'd Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - -

'till Heav'n re - -

- ceives the Strains a - - - loft - - - - - - - - the Strains a - -

- ceives th'en - rap - - tur'd Strains 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

- ceives th'en rap - - tur'd Strains 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

ceives th'enrap - tur'd strains the strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - -

- loft Heav'n - - - - - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the strains a - - - loft - - - - - -

- ceives the strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

- ceives the strains

- ceives the strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

- - the strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - loft let peal - ing

Strains re - ceives the Strains the Strains a - loft let peal - ing

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - loft let peal - ing

- loft the Strains a - loft let peal - ing

Or - - - - gans blow 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

peal - ing Or - gans blow 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

Or - - - - gans blow 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

peal - ing Or - gans blow 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives 'till Heav'n re - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - -

- loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - -

- ceives the Strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

- ceives the Strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a - -

- ceives the Strains a - - loft - - - - - - the Strains a - -

- loft th'enrap - tur'd Strains the Strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re -

- loft th'enrap - tur'd Strains the Strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re -

- loft th'enrap - tur'd Strains the Strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re -

- loft th'enrap - tur'd Strains a - loft 'till Heav'n re -

- ceives the Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a -

- ceives the Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a -

- ceives the Strains a - - loft 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a -

- ceives the Strains a - - loft - 'till Heav'n re - ceives the Strains a -

- loft th'en - - rap - tur'd Strains a - loft th'en -

- loft th'en - - rap - tur'd Strains a - loft th'en -

- loft th'en - - rap - tur'd Strains a - loft th'en -

- loft th'en - - rap - tur'd Strains a - loft th'en -

- raptur'd Strains a - loft th'en - raptur'd Strains a - loft th'en - -

- raptur'd Strains a - loft th'en - raptur'd Strains a - loft th'en - -

- raptur'd Strains a - loft th'en - raptur'd Strains a - loft th'en - -

- raptur'd Strains a - loft th'en - raptur'd Strains a - loft th'en - -

- rap - tur'd Strains
- rap - tur'd Strains
- rap - tur'd Strains
- rap - tur'd Strains

fz *fz* *fz* *fz*

ADAGIO

- - a - - - loft the Strains a - - loft
- - a - - - loft the Strains a - - loft
- - a - - - loft the Strains a - - loft
- - a - - - loft the Strains a - - loft

FINE

ADAGIO

The Chorusses arranged singly for the PIANO FORTE or ORGAN.

INTRODUZIONE

ff LARGO

Allegro
Moderato

p

ff

p

p

f *p*

Cres *f*

p *fz*

ff

p

hr

f

ff

f

ff

Cres

ff

fz *fz*

Lento
e
Maestoso

f

PEDALE

PEDALE

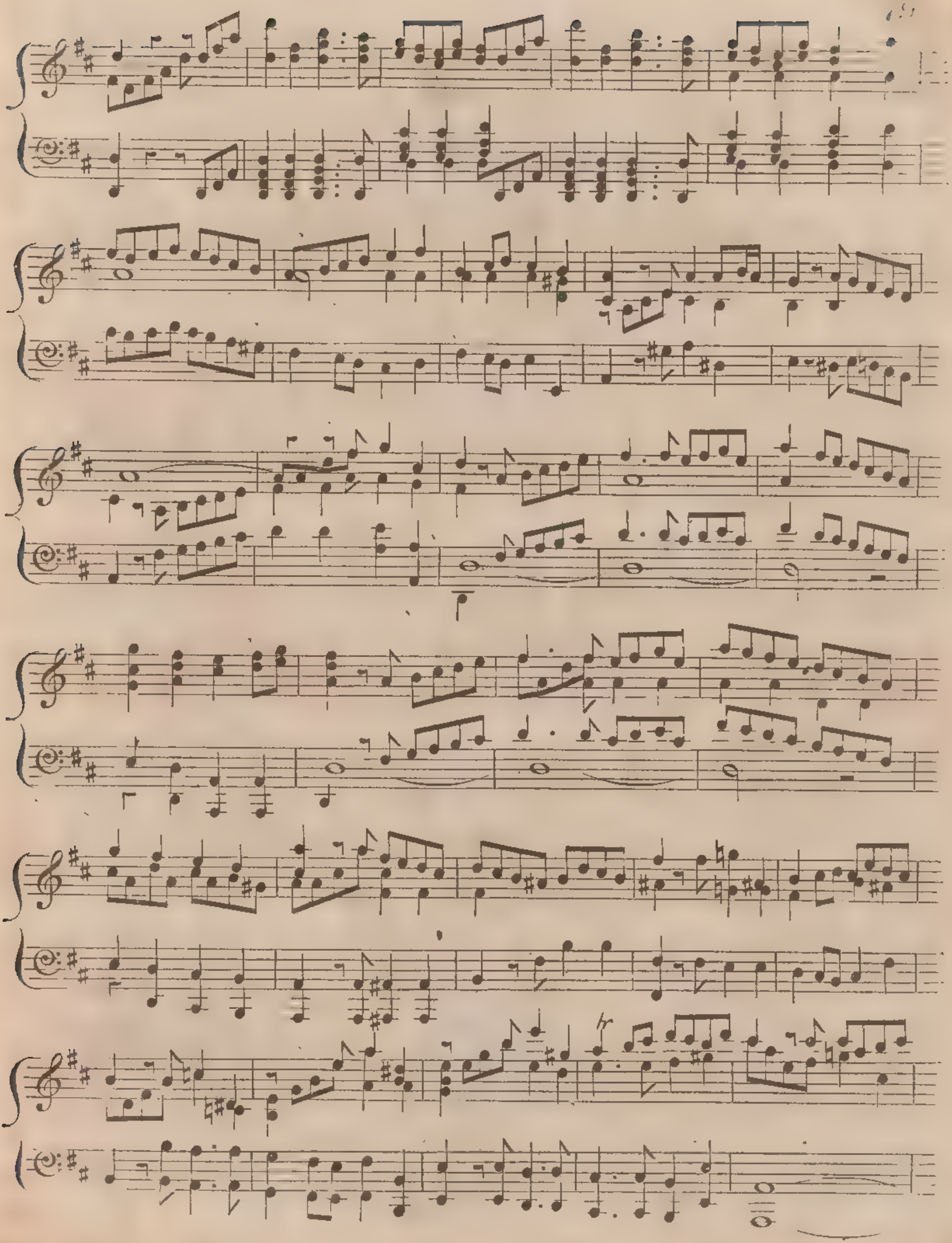
ALLEGRO
MODERATO

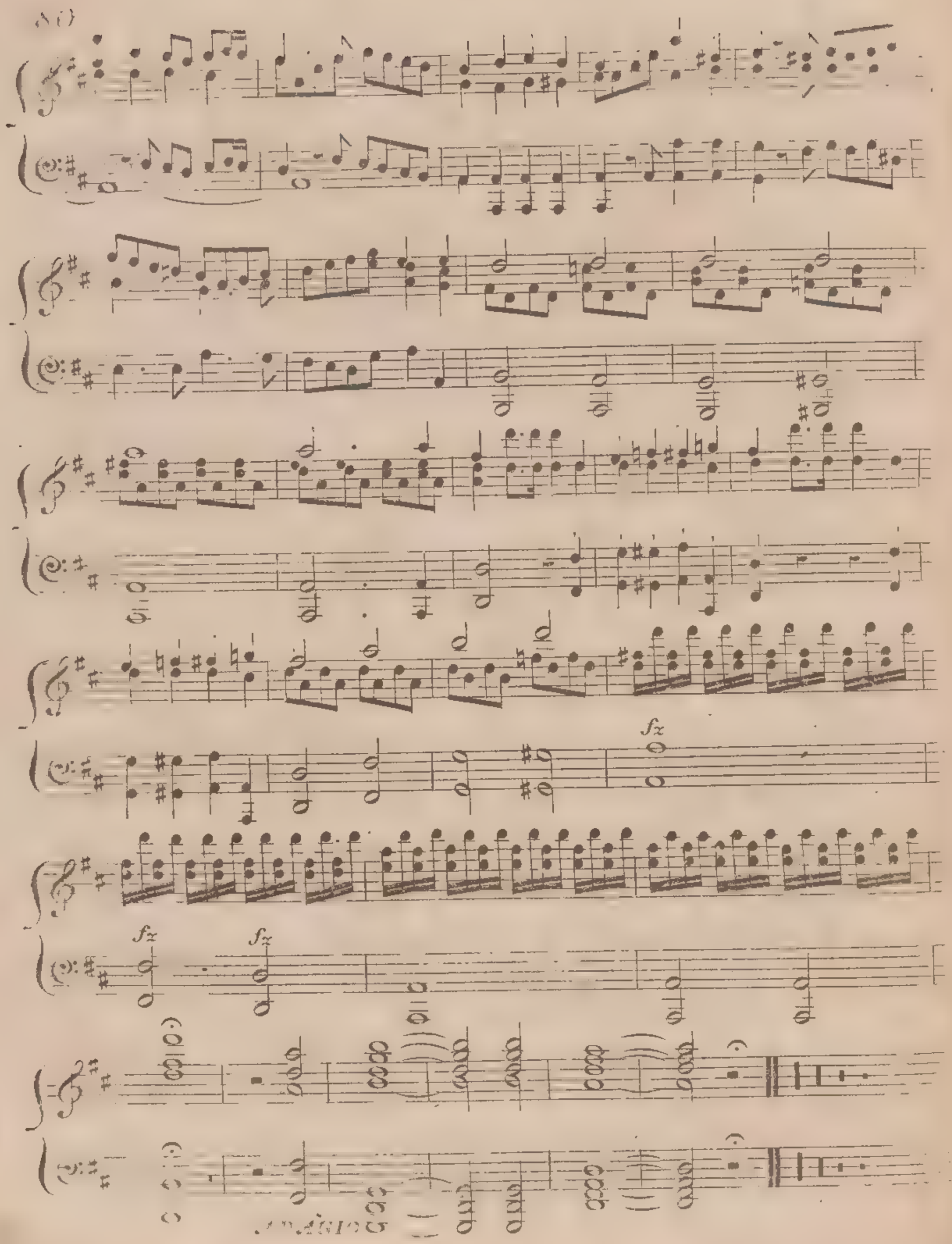
hr

p

hr

ff




fz
fz
fz

From the Author
To Miss Crowle

A Concerto

for the

PIANO FORTE,

With Accompaniments for a

Full Orchestra

Performed by the Author at the

Opera Concert Rooms &c

Composed & dedicated to

Mr. J. B. CRAMER,

by his Pupil,

George Eugene Griffin.

Op. 1.

Entd at Sta Hall

Price 5/-

LONDON,

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R. Willmann Sc

LARGO MAESTOSO

CONCERTO

TUTTI *ff*

pp

tr

ten:

fz *fz*

p

ALLEGRO MODERATO

p con espress:

cres

p

dolce

dim

ffor

f

p

f

FLAUTO

dolce *p*

hr hr hr hr hr hr hr hr

p *p*

dim *f* *fz* *fz* *ff* *fz* *fz*

p *f* *f*

dim *p* dim *pp* *p*

A

Solo

ten

fz

ff

Ped

cres

smorz p

Ped

ff

ten

fz

fz

8

f

fz

*

cres

smorz p

Ped

*

8 8 5

fz

Ped

fz

fz

fz

fz

dim

p

ff

fz

cres

Ped

fz

*

smorz p

Ped

f

fz

*

8

cres

smorz p

Ped

f

*

Ped

fz

fz

fz

ffor

p

*

fz

fz

ffor

loco

fz

f

fz

fz

sfz

fz

fz

cres

sfz

p

p

f

p

cres

f

loco

f

Ped

f

f

dim

RITARD:

cres

DOLCE con espres:

p

cres

con espr.

LEGATO

for

f

loco

dim

dim

sf

sf

sf

loco

sf

sf

sf

sf

sf

sf

sf

loco

sf sf

cres

ff

sf sf sf sf

fz

dim

w

cres

dim

Ped

loco

f

Ped

cres

sf sf

cres

dim

p

w

Ped

w

pp

sf sf

loco

dim

cres

ff

cres

hr

hr

sfz

Ped

f

TUTTI

cres

dim

cres

ff ff f sf sf

8 SOLO

f sf *p* *p*

sf *p*

DOLCE *p* cres dim *p*

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

Ped * cres *f*

Ped * Ped * Ped

sf sf

sf sf loco

cres *ff*

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

sf sf sfz sfz

sf sf *p*

8va

pp

ped:

* ped

*

hr

hr

dim

loco

cresc.

hr

for

ped

*

ped

*

f

sfz

sfz

ped

*

ped

*

p

sf

sf

cres

f

ff

Ped

sf

cres

hr

ff

Ped

sf

sf

sf

10

Tutti

ff

cres ff p

esp:

dim

p

hr

dolce

ten

Solo

ff

sf

Ped

cres

smorz p Ped

ff

sf

loco

f

smorz p Ped:

esp

p

sf sf sf sf sf

ff
sf
sfz
8
f
sf
cres
sf
ff
sfz
ten.
sfz
sf
sfz
dim
p
sfz
pp
cres
loco
8
dim
RITARD

dolce
p con espr.

lr *lr* *lr*

ped

ped

loco

espr.

14

LEGATO

for

dim

fz

loco

fz

dim

loco

fz

sf sf sf sf sf

sf sf loco sf sf cres

sf sf

8 loco

ff dim

ff

dim

pp f ped cres

f

loco

8 dim

hr hr

f ped

sf

ff TUTTI fz fz

p f

fz fz fz fz

Aria con Variazioni

SOLO

LARGHETTO CON ESPRESSIONE

p hr 2 hr ped pp dim

hr hr ped f pp

p 2 hr

ped pp perden:

hr ped

ped pp

p 8 ped perden:

p
a tempo
ped
Ped
pp
fp
21
loco
ped
pp
fp
ped
ped
cres
pp
f
ped
cal?
fz
8va
12
ped
perden
fp
pp
loco
dim
ped:

fz fz fz fz fz

for Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped

ped ped ped ped ped ped

ped ped ped ped ped ped

p p ped ped ped ped ped ped

8va 8va

ped ped ped ped

fx rinf Ped perdendosi

pp cres f

ped ped ped ped ped ped

8 loco

dim ritard:

più lento adag° ped calando f f

SOLO

8va

RONDO

ALLEGRETTO

SCHERZO

ped:

loco

ped

ped

ped

ped

f *p*

f

ped

* ped.

loco

fz fz fz fz fz

ped:

hr

ped pp

perden:

a tempo

loco

pp

f

ped

pp

for

fz fz

fz fz

8

TUTTI

f

fz fz

SOLO

f fz fz fz fz

8 8 cres *f* dim *f* fz

loco fz fz

cres *f* fz

SCHERZO *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr* *fr*

dol

fz fz fz cres

loco fz fz *p* dolce con esp: legº

for

fz

8

fz

loco

fz fz fz fz fz

8

ff

dim

cres

8

fz fz fz ff

ff

il

dim

pp ped ped 8

fz fz fz for

fz fz 8va TUTTI f

8 8 8 8

MINORE SOLO cres

ff p 8va loco fz f ped

8va

loco

ff

fz

ff

fz

dolce p

ped

*

loco

leg?

loco

dol

f

fz

fz

ff

fz

fz

fz

p

f

dim

rallent

PP

perden:

fz

ped

fz

pp

ped

loco

p

ped * ped *

f ped

8 loco 8

ped *

loco

lr

pp cres

lr

dim pp

f

ped

ped

ped *fz* *for*

8

TUTTI

SOLO

fz

ped

smorz

p

cres

f

ff

fz *fz*

FINE

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From the Author
To Miss Crostie

OPERA MUSIC WAREHOUSE

MILITARY RONDO

for the

Piano Forte

Composed & Dedicated

TO

Miss Tindal

BY

G. F. GRIFFIN.

LONDON

Entd at Stat Hall

Published for the Author, by Theobald Monzani, Music Seller to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, 13 Old Bond Street near Piccadilly

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MARCIA.

ANDANTE MAESTOSO

pp Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

Ped * Ped * Ped *

Ped * *ff* Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped Ped *

Ped * Ped * *fp*

Ped * Ped *

Ped * Ped *

pp Ped * Ped * Ped * *pp*

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

pp *pp*

ff Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * ff Ped * Ped *

8va pp Ped * pp

Ped * Ped * Ped *

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

pp pp

loco Cres ff Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

Cres

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

hr hr hr hr

Ped

d .* ff

fp

Ped

c .* ff

Ped

Ped

fz

dim

Ped

Ped

Ped

p

f

Ped

fz

fz

Ped

Ped

Ped

Ped

Ped

Ped

f

p

f

fz

fz

pp

Ped

Ped

Ped

Ped

Ped

fz

ff

Ped

Ped

Ped

Ped

fz

fz

fz

Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped

ff *fp* *ff* *fp* *fp* Ped

dim * smorz *p* Ped * Ped * Ped *

ff *fp* Ped * *ff* *fp* Ped

dim * smorz Ped * Ped * Ped * cres

Ped * *f* Ped * *ff* rallentando Ped

Segue Allegretto

ALLEGRETTO
SCHERZO

8va

pp

Ped

Ped

8va

Ped

* Ped

*

f Ped

Ped

p

p

hr.

hr.

Ped

hr.

hr.

8va

8va

8va

dd Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * fr

dd loco

Ped * Ped * ff Ped * Ped *

fz fz fz

Ped * Ped * loco

fz 8va Cres Ped * Cres

fz 8va

Ped * Cres

f fz fz fz fz

Twelve

Original Hibernian MELODIES,

with English Words, imitated and translated,

from the Works of the

ANCIENT IRISH BARDS,

with an introductory Preface & Dedication,

By

[illegible] [illegible] Whittaker.

Arranged for the VOICE, with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte

Pr. s. d. 7. 6.

London. Printed & Sold by Preston, at his Wholesale Warehouses, 97, Strand.

Enter'd, at Stationers Hall.

To Him

whose perfect Knowledge of the

Music of this Country

and selections Style of Singing the most

Beautiful of her Ancient Airs

first awakened my taste to the Charm of her

Natural Melody —

To Mr. Owenson

the following Irish Airs are

Inscribed with every

Sentiment of Affection and Gratitude

by his Daughter

Sidney T. Owenson

Preface.

NOTWITHSTANDING the celebrity which the bards of Ireland had obtained for their musical compositions from the remotest antiquity, we have the strongest reason to believe that no general collection of their works had ever been made previous to the year 1792, when a meeting was convened in the north of Ireland of the few lingering members of that once sacred order, which had spread "the light of song" over the gloom of unillumined ignorance, or softened the ferocity of uncivilized heroism. But while the broad field of Irish music, even in its autumnal decline, afforded a rich harvest to the successful exertions of national taste, some few blossoms of poesy and song were still left, "to waste their sweetness on the desart air:" It was reserved for the minute and enquiring glance of the humble gleaner, to discover the neglected charms, and to behold them like the rose, fragrant even in decay. With a timid hand I have endeavoured to snatch them from the chilling atmosphere of oblivion, and bound them in a wild and simple wreath, in the faint hope that public approbation would nourish and perpetuate their existence.

Many of the airs and poems which compose this little selection, were orally collected in what may be decmed the classic wilds of Ireland---where *Ossian* sung, where *Fingal* fought, and *Oscar* fell.

The singular and plaintive beauty of *Emant Acnuick*, or Ned of the Hills, which, replete with the characteristic wildness and melting pathos, of Irish music, may be deemed an epitome of the ancient Irish style of composition, induced me into the attempt of adapting an English translation to its melody; the task was difficult, though not wholly unsuccessful, for the music and poetry of the Irish are so closely analogous, and the sound so faithful an echo to the sense, that the former seems almost to bid defiance to the adapting any other language to its melodies; and the latter must always sustain an injury in its energetic and idiomatic delicacies, when its sentiments are given through the medium of a translation. The *Author*, and the *Hero* of *Emant Acnuick*, and many other popular ballads, was the chief or captain of one of those numerous banditti which infested Ireland, during that period when religious animosity and civil discord, involved its unfortunate natives in all the horrors of anarchy and warfare. The accounts which are given of *Emant Acnuick*, are various and improbable---but that most current and consonant to truth, sketches him as an outlaw'd gentleman, whose confiscated lands and forfeited life, animated him to the resolution of heading a band of robbers, and committing many acts of desperation, which were frequently counteracted by a generosity almost romantic, or performed with a spirit truly heroic.——A warrior and a poet, his "soul was often brightened by the song;" and *Eva*, the daughter of a northern chieftain, was at once his *inspiration* and his *theme*.

"OPEN THE DOOR," is of a very remote date, beyond the power of oral tradition to trace the name of its author.

The air of "*Dha Vecca's un Chooleen*," was esteemed of great antiquity in the reign of Henry the VIIIth.

"*Shelah nha Chonoshaint*," or *Sibby O'Conolan*.——Though the name of its composer has escaped, in the lapse of time, from the records of traditional memory, is still sung with enthusiasm in the counties of Sligo and Mayo.

"*Planxty Power*," (by CAROLAN) had for its heroine *Fanny*, the daughter of David Power, Esq. of the county of Galway *.

Cathleen Nolan is supposed to be of very ancient date, as is in some degree identified by the mention of the *Saxon* King.---The translation is a literal one.

* She was mother to the late Lord Cloncarty.

"*Gracy Nugent,*" is an air but little known beyond the interior parts of Ireland; its heroine was a *Miss Nugent*, of Clonlost, in the county of Westmeath: its composer, the celebrated CAROLAN. The last itinerant bard of any eminence in Ireland, "and so happy, so elevated was he in many of his compositions, that he excited the wonder and obtained the approbation of a great master who never saw him---I mean the celebrated GEMINIANI *;" though born blind, he never regretted the loss of sight, but used to say --- "his eyes were transplanted into his ears." His first poetic and musical effort was the effusion of an enamoured heart, elicited by the charms of *Bridget Cruise;* the high rank of his mistress proved an insurmountable barrier to his wishes, and like most other poetical enamoratos, his passion was as unsuccessful, as it was ardent. He, however, soon became an adept in the philosophy of love, and every song had for its theme a new mistress:---of a roving and unsettled disposition, with his harp flung over his shoulder, he wandered like the bards of old, celebrating with Pindaric boldness the charms of love, the joys of social life, and the virtues of cordial hospitality †. Considered as the Anacreon of his country, his arrival at the castle of the great, or the hut of the indigent, was ever hailed with a smile; he was every where received with delight, listened to with rapture, and relinquished with regret.

To the ear, which is alone made up to the delicacies of Italian music, or the refinements of scientific composition, the following melodies will probably sound wildly inelegant, or barbarously simple; but they are not offered as the correct effusions of musical talent, schooled into science, corrected by experience, and sanctioned by reigning modes; but as "*the native wood notes wild*" of those, whose genius, unimproved by art, unrestrained by rule, only vibrated, like the far famed statue of Memnon, to the genial beam of heaven's own light,---as specimens of a national music, strongly characterized by those idiomatic features, which to musical philosophy afford so wild a field for reflection. It is not among the works of the professed votarists of science, that the music of any country is to be sought; it is not by the divine compositions of *Paisiello* we are to judge of Italian melodies, nor by the operas of *Gretry,* we are to appreciate the musical taste of the French, to find the national taste unmodified by art, unenlarged by foreign innovation, unadorned by scientific graces: we must seek it in the Arias of the Venetian *Gondolieri,* the *Bularo* of the Spanish muliteer, the Waltz of the German, and the Recitative of the Russian boor, the Vaudville of the French, and the *Randz des Vaches* of the Swiss peasant, the Reel and plaint of the Highlander, and the Lamentations and Planxty of the Irish bard. If the excellence of musical composition is to be estimated by the effect it produces on the human mind, by its power over the passions, or its influence over the heart, the Irish melodies, it must be allowed, graduate to a very high degree on the scale of musical excellence; always composed under the operation of the feelings, whether the warm inspirations of gratitude---whether the tender effusions of love, or the bold spirit of martial enthusiasm awakens the strain---it still breathes the truest intimation of the soul, and surrounded by a *compatriot auditory,* the rapt musician never fails to awaken in every bosom a corresponding emotion to that which animates his own. But there is in "*souls a sympathy with sound,*" and much of musical enthusiasm depends upon an intimate association of ideas; those airs, which are connected with local incidents, or public events, whose national idiom is perfectly understood and deeply felt, will ever be heard with delight in that country where they were first breathed. But when these circumstances cease to operate, they must stand the test of dispassionate judgment:—— when, however, it is considered, that the following airs were composed by *men,* ignorant of the rules of that art they practised, it is hoped that what a celebrated personage once said of the errors of illustrious characters, will be applied to *them,* and "that their faults will be thought to bring their excuses along with them."

SIDNEY OWENSON.

Sligo,

* He was born at NOBBER, county of Westmeath, in 1670, and died 1738, at KILRORIAN, in the county of ROSCOMMON.

† In the course of his rambles, he used frequently to spend some months at the house of the editor's great grandfather.—It was then usual for him, during the act of composition, to applaud or revile any passage, as he liked or disapproved it.——He was fond of his national liquor, and used sportively to say in excuse for his excesses, that "it added *strength* to the flights of his genius."

"Ah who is that"
or
"Emunh a Cnuc, or Med of the Hills".

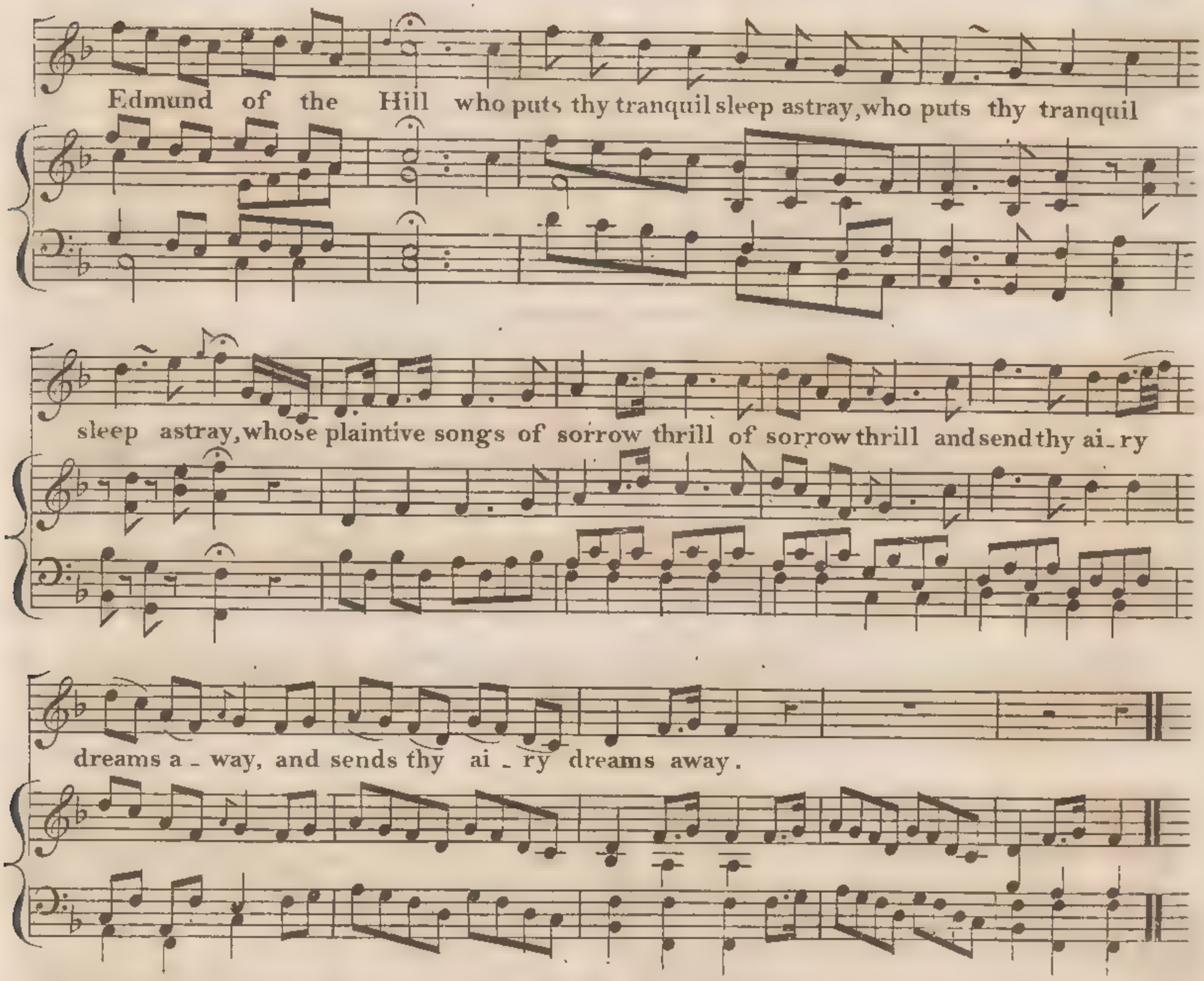
Largo

Ah! who is that ah! who is that whose thrilling tones

ah! who is that whose thrilling tones, puts my tranquil sleep astray, more

Plaintive than the wood Doves moans the wood Doves moans, and send my ai - ry

dreams a - way, and send my ai - - ry dreams away. 'tis I 'tis I 'tis



2

Here nightly thro' the long long year,
My heart with many a love pang wrung;
Beneath thy casement Eva dear,
My sorrows and thy charms I've sung.
Thine eye is like the moons mild ray,
Beaming o'er evenings azure blue;
Its glance first stole my heart away,
And gave its every wish to you.

3

Like a soft gloomy clouds thine hair,
Tinged with the setting suns warm rays;
And lightly o'er thy forehead fair,
In many a spiry ringlet plays,
Oh! come then rich in all thy charms;
For Eva I'm as rich in love,
And panting in my circling arms;
I'll bear thee to old Thuars grove.

Oh tell me meet 'Kate'!

or

'Cathleen O'Tyrell.

Oh

Andante Affettuoso

tell me sweet KAIE by what ma - gical art, you seduc'd ev - ery thought ev'ry

wish of my Soul; oh: tell me my cre - dulous fond doating heart, by thy

wiles and thy charms, from my bosom was stole. Oh whence dangerous girl was thy

sor- cery tell by which you a- waken'd loves tear and loves sigh, in thy

voice in thy song lurks the dangerous spell in the blush of thy cheek or the

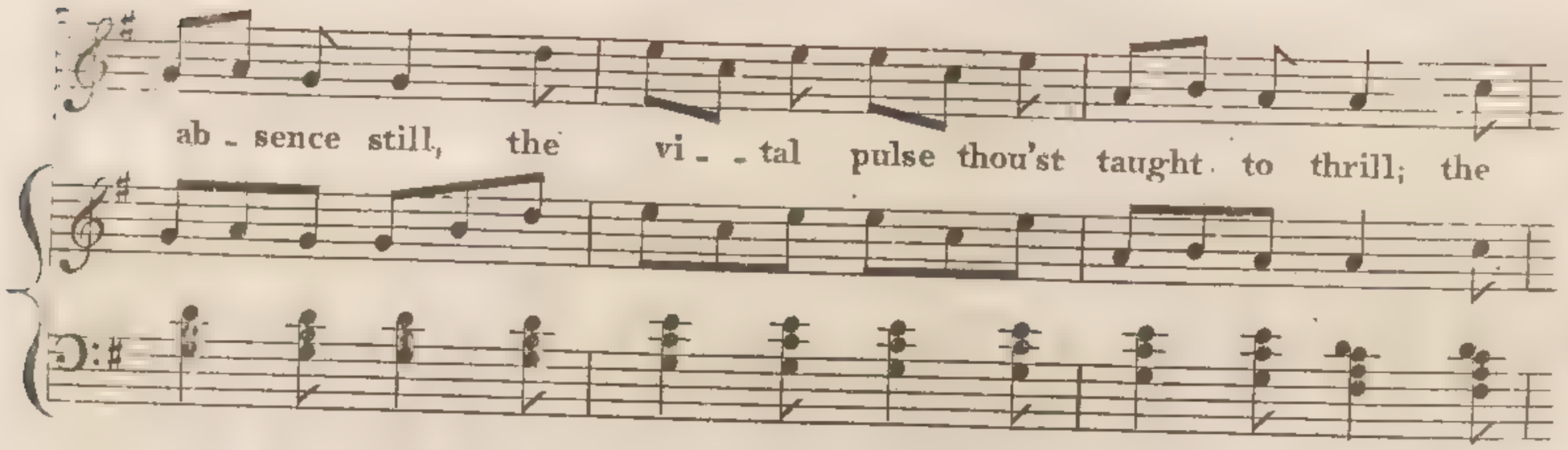
beam of thine eye.

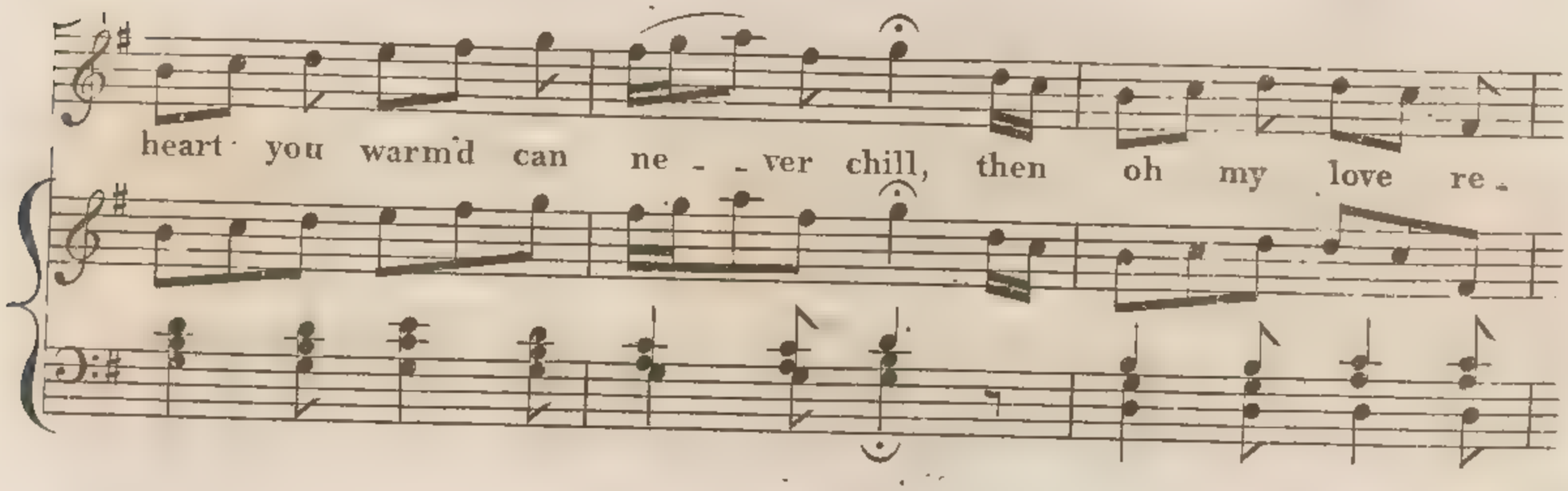
"Leave me not Love!"

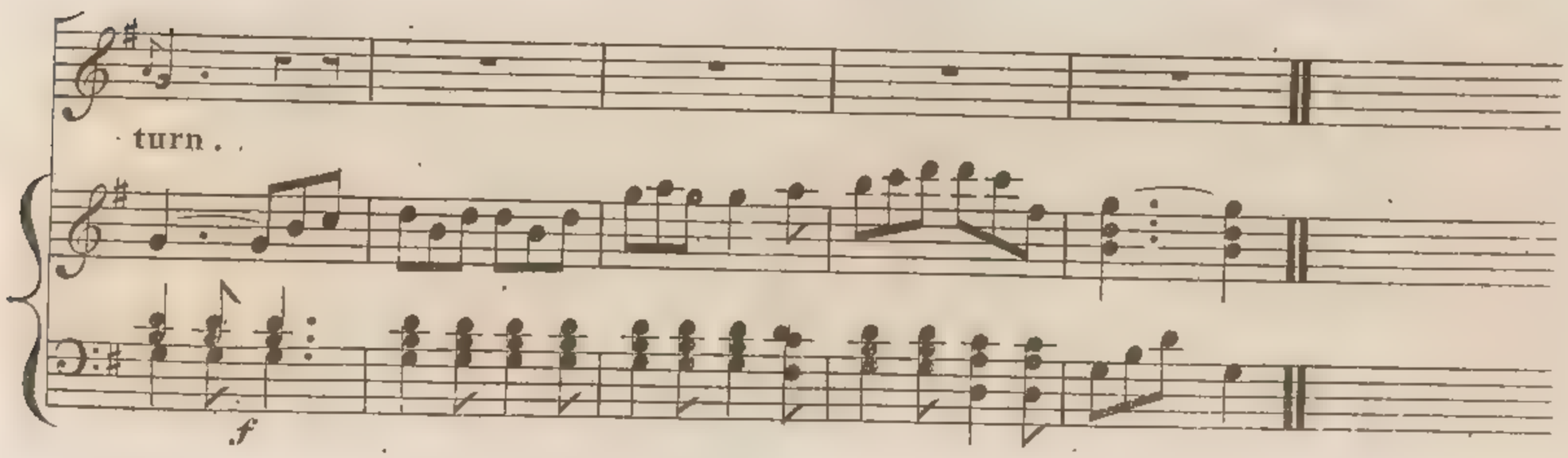
or

"Time Thum Lourth er an nou Whice" Planxty Power"

by Carolan.







2

Girl of the melting eye oh! say,
Why turn'st thou love that eye away;
The hope its glance illumed betray,
Oh! tell me love oh! tell me.
Why did'st thou once so sweetly smile,
And practice many a witching wile;
Was it oh! was it to beguile,
Tell me my love oh! tell me.

When floating o'er

or

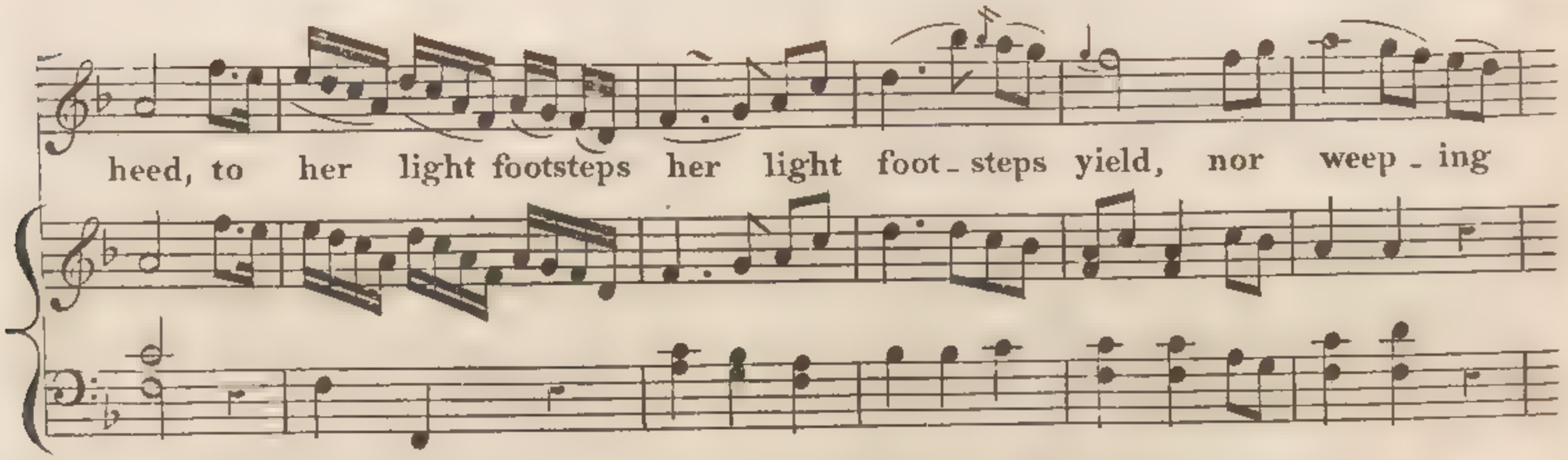
Cathleen Nolan.

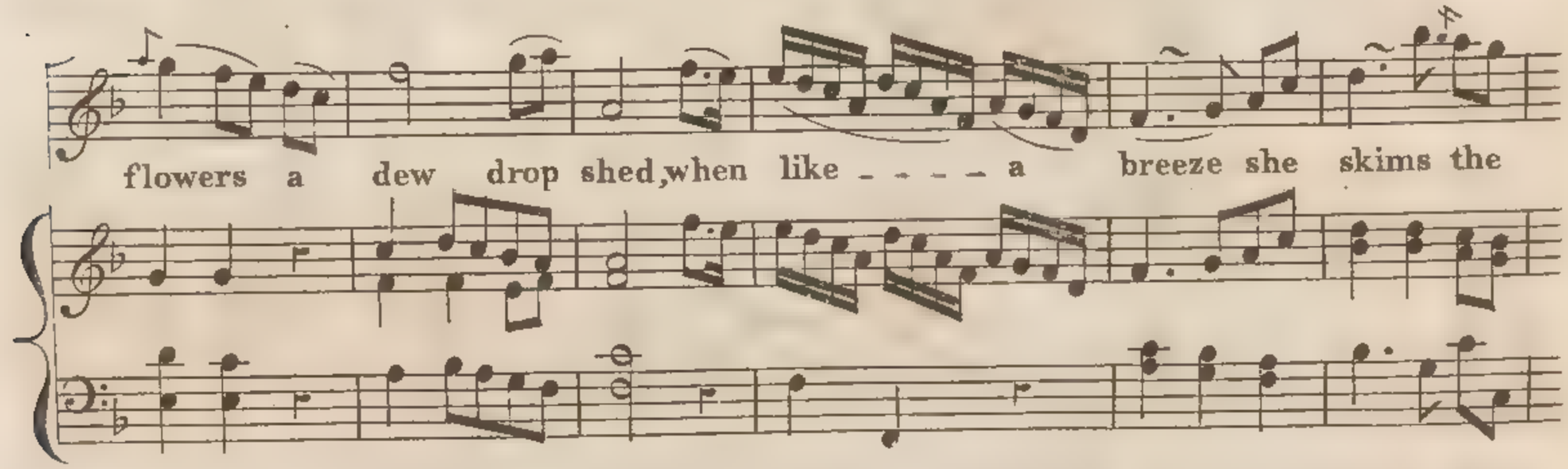
Andante Affettuoso

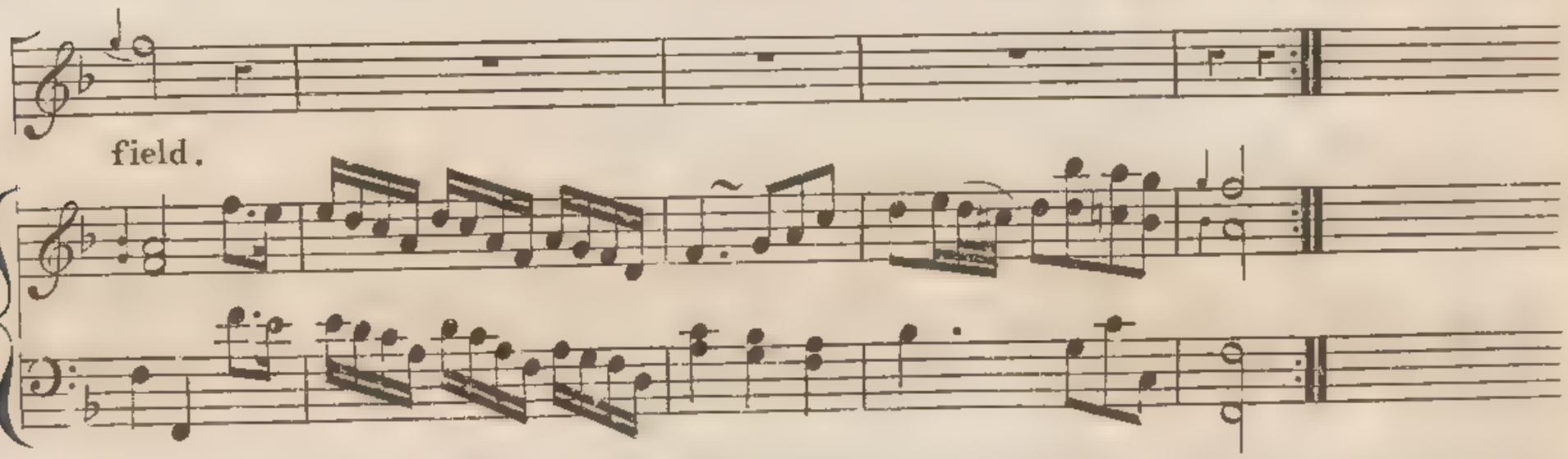
When floating o'er th'im-pend-ing steep, my love ap--pears in

beau-tys glow she's like the golden clouds that sweep light o'er the

moun-tains lof--ty brow Nor does the ten-derest blos--soms







2

Loose o'er her arm of snow is flung,
Her mantle of old Erins green;
And o'er her shoulder careless hung,
Her fairy axe of gold is seen.

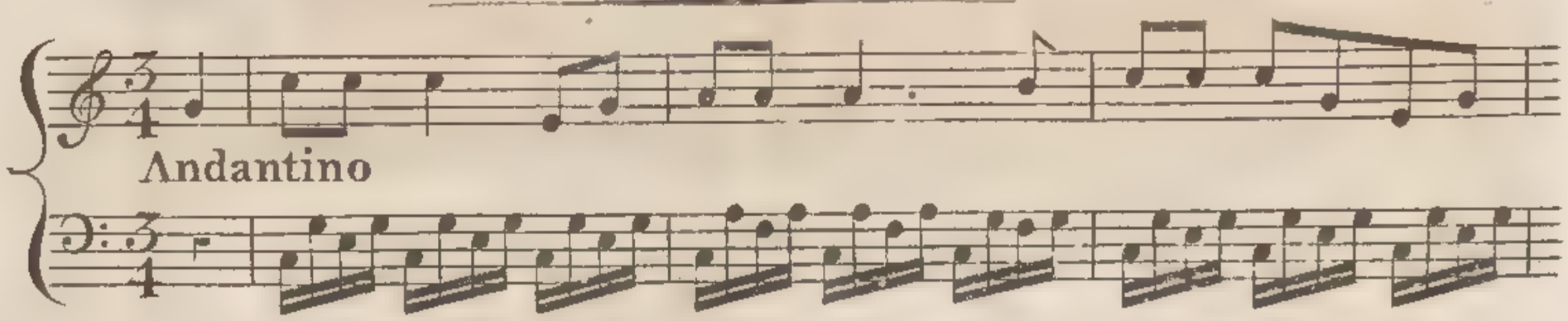
3

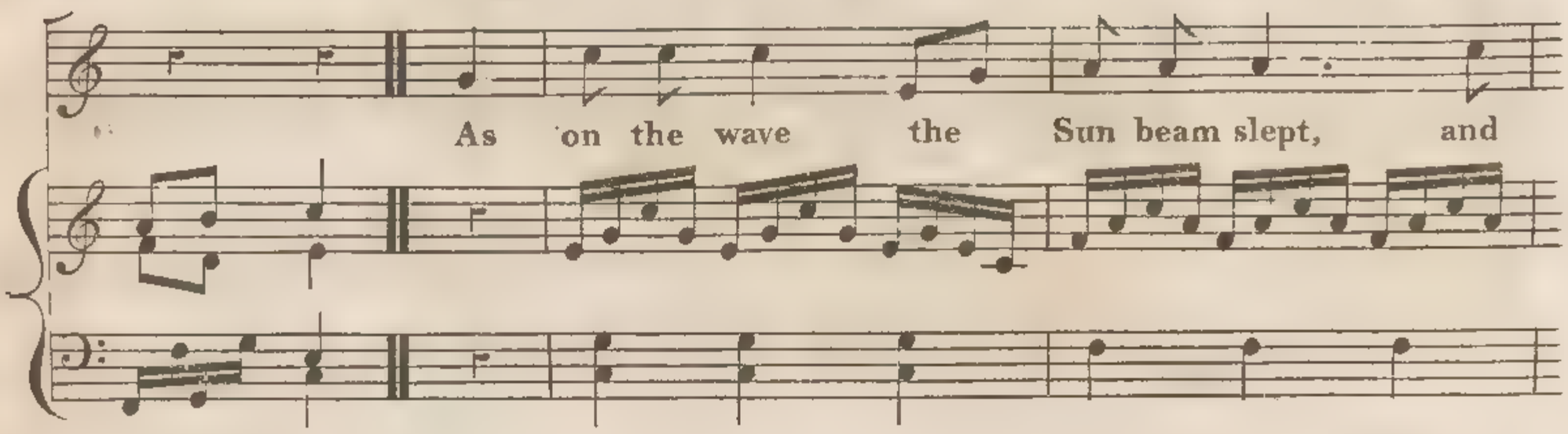
She hastes (the Forest's sweetest rose)
To cull the forests sweetest flowers;
To prune the branch that wildly grows,
And shades the bud from nurturing showers.

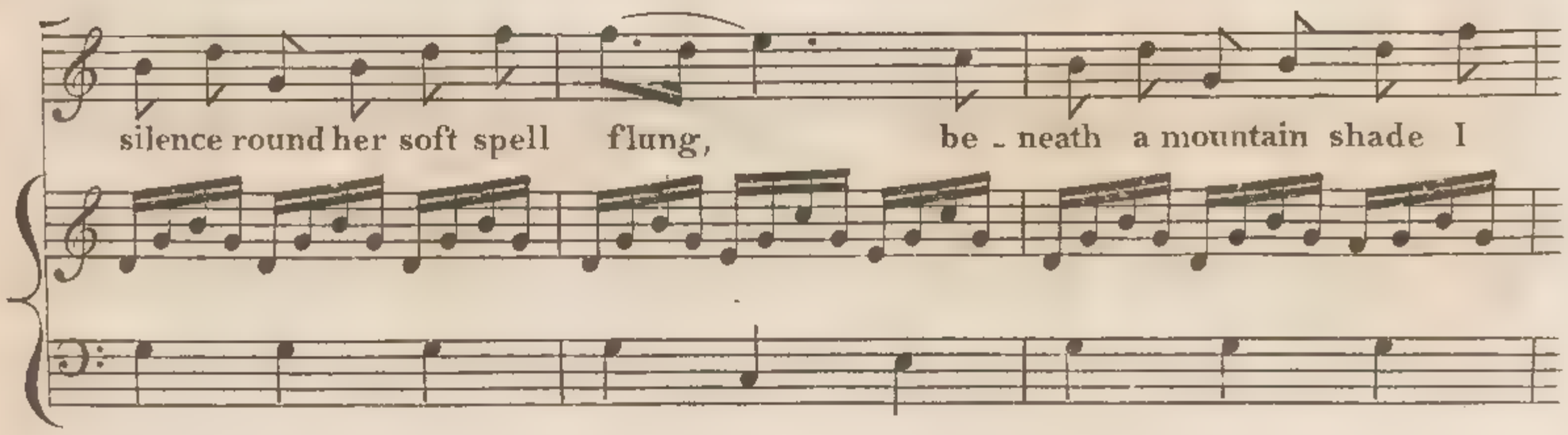
4

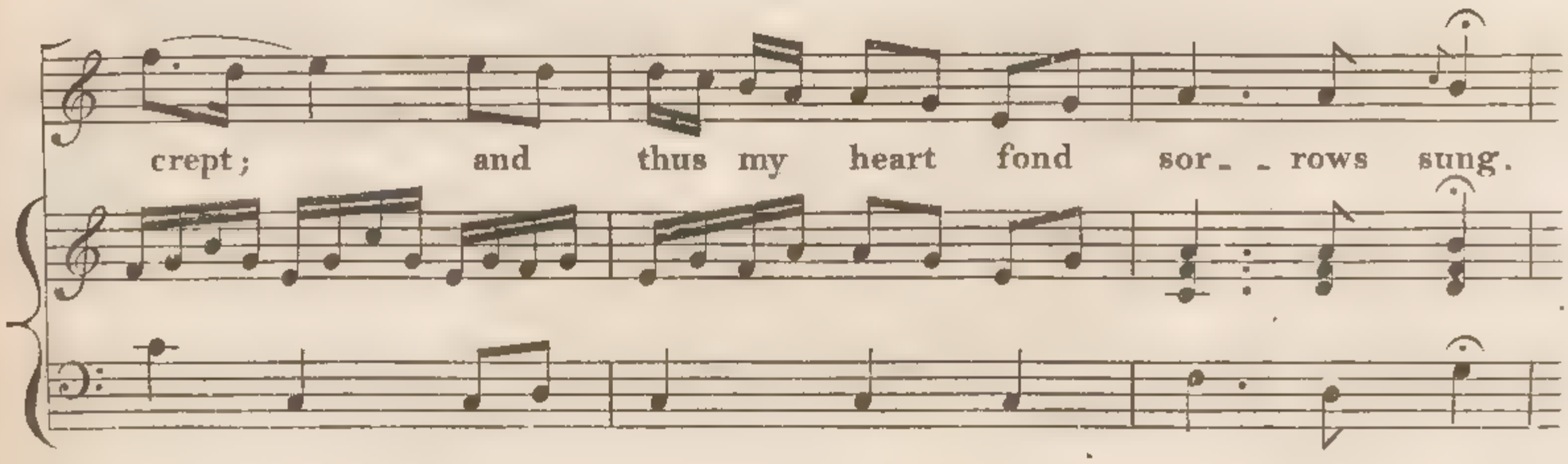
Her hair like golden tendrils gleams,
On the fresh gale's inconstant wing;
To me more splendidly she beams,
Then the proud Saxons mighty king.

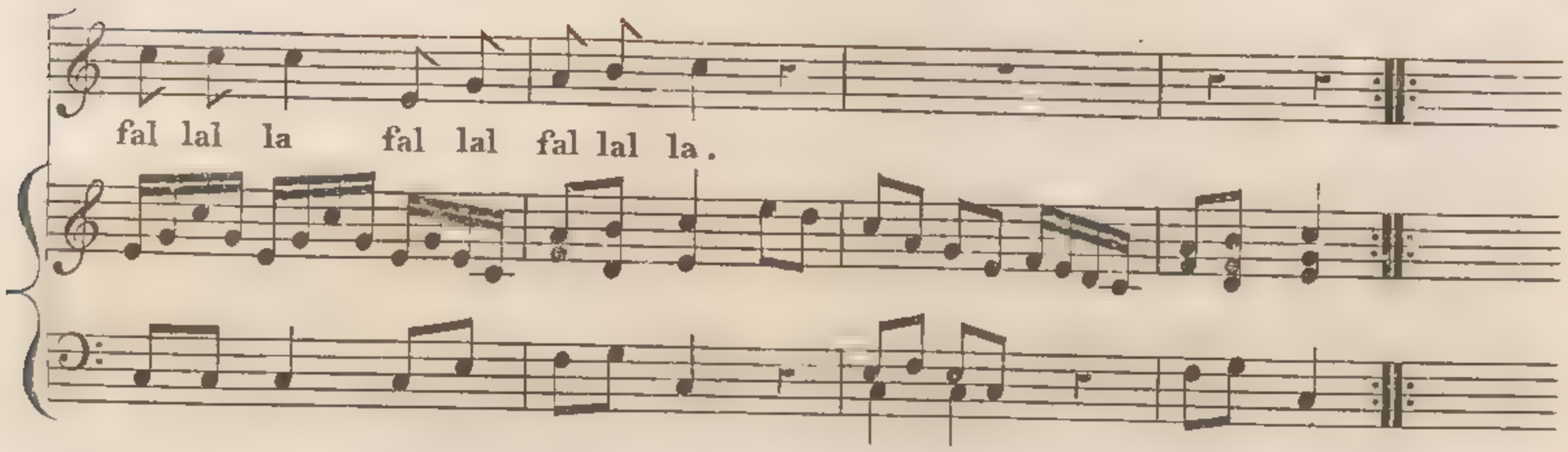
(As on the Wave.)
or
The Mountain Sprite.
by Carolan.











2

When down the mountains butling brow,
A fairy form appeared to spring;
So fair I felt my bosom glow,
And all inspired I thus did sing;
fal lal la &c.

3

As near the charming phantom stole,
She paused to hear and hearing sighed;
Her sigh thrill'd o'er my very soul,
But oh! my song still murmuring died.
In fal lal la &c.

4

But when I view'd her kindling blush,
Her glance shun mine her red lip move;
And natures pulse her bosom flush,
I struck my harp, and sung of love.
And fal lal la &c.

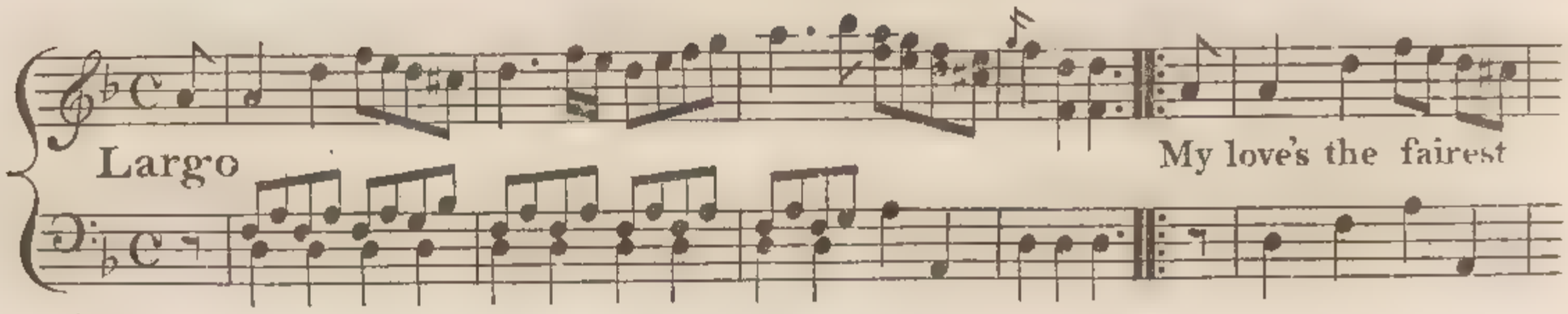
5

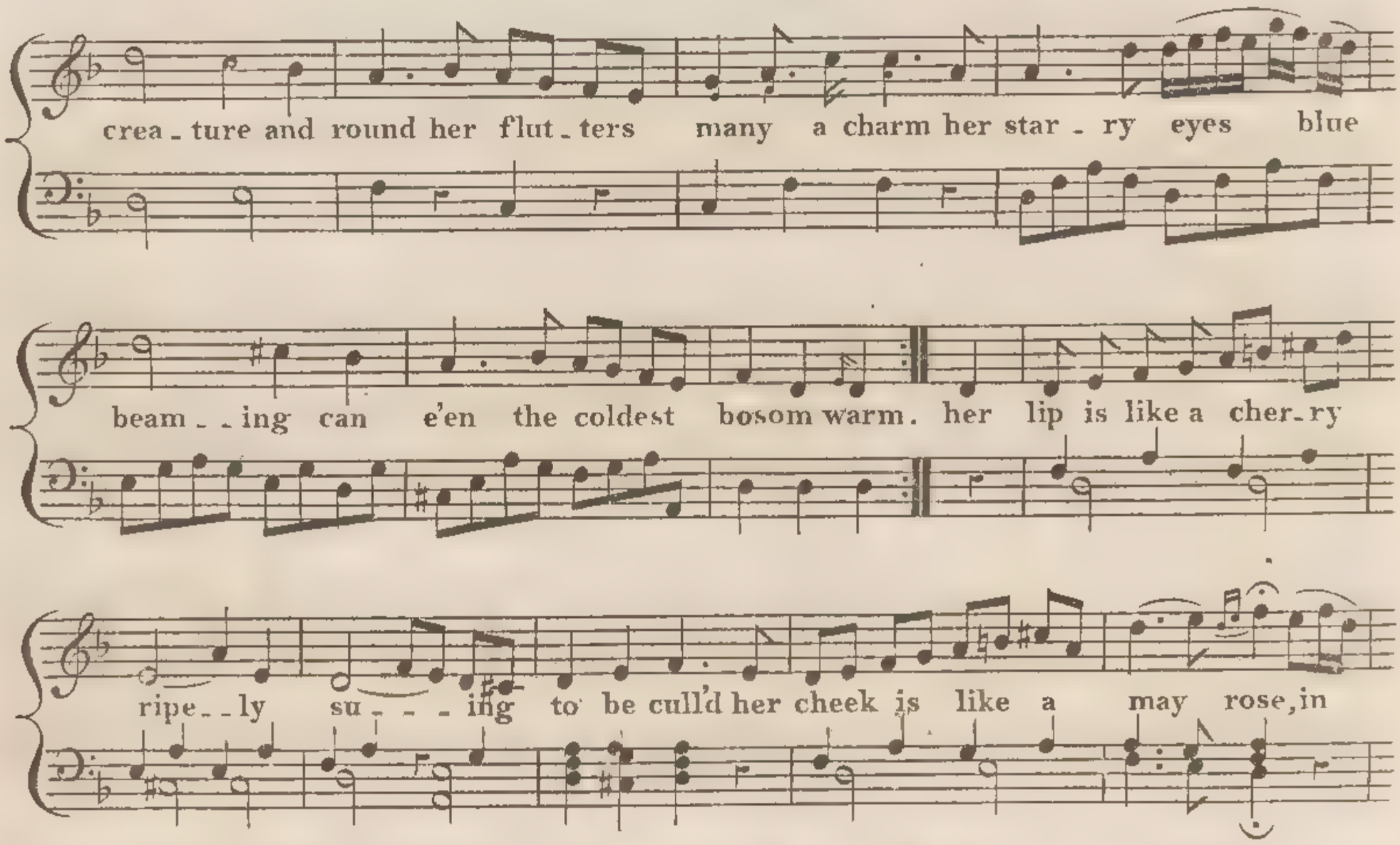
And still entranced the fair one hung,
Then nearer drew her hand of snow;
O'er the hill breathing chords she flung,
While her sweet accents thus did flow.
In fal lal la &c.

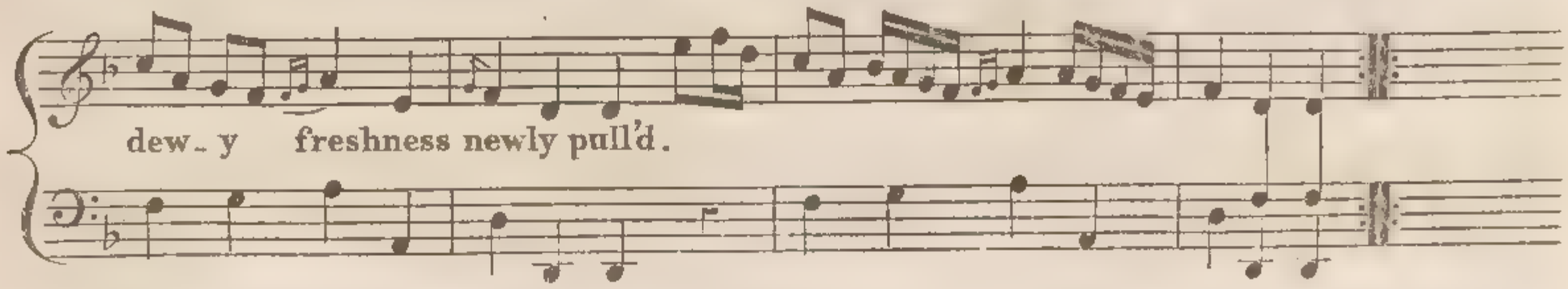
6

Then bolder grown my strain I tried,
In harmony with her sweet lay;
But still my voice in murmurs died,
And every note would fade away.
In fal lal la &c.

My Love's the fairest Creature.
"Shelah na Conolan."



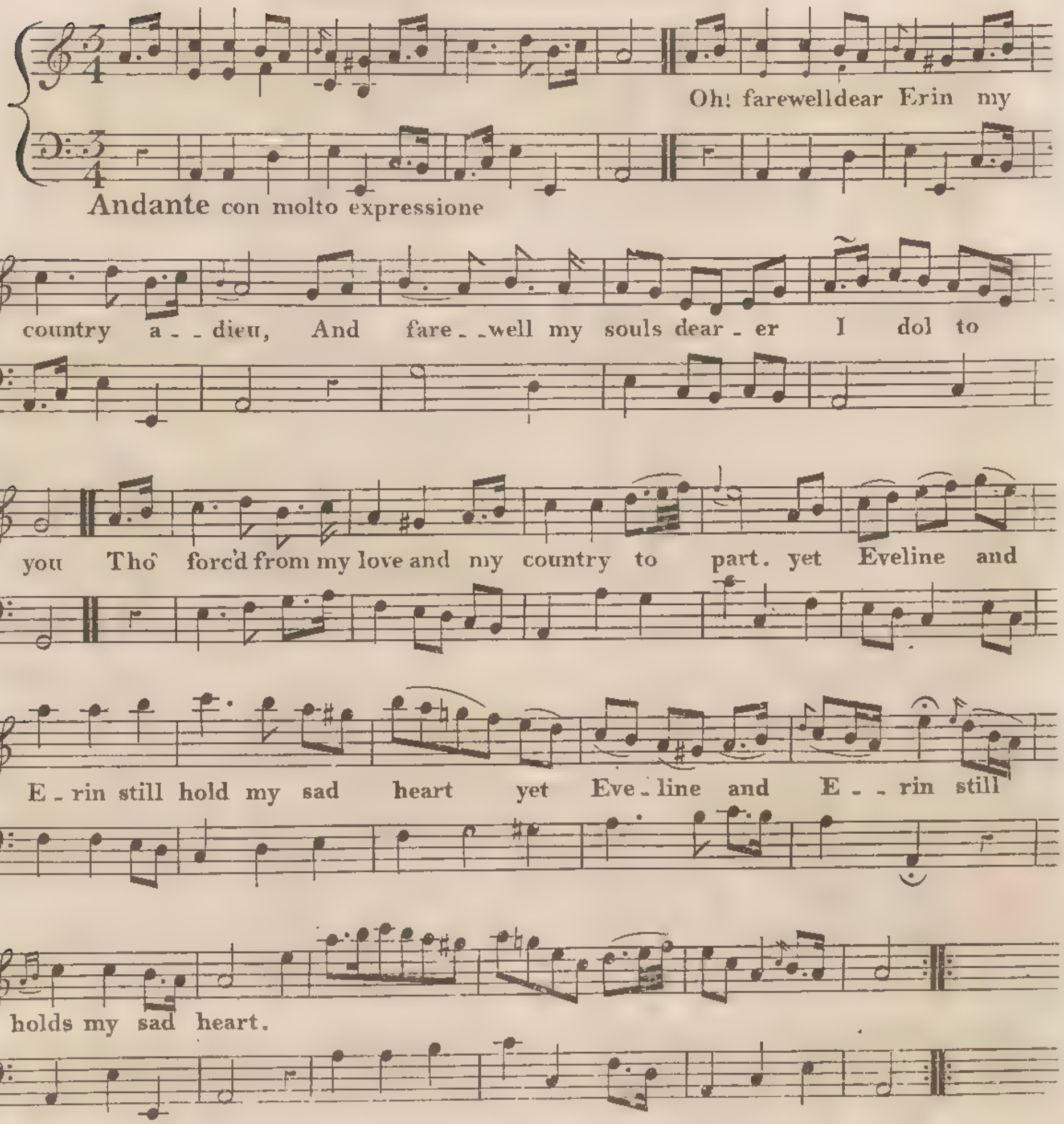




2

Her sigh is like the sweet gale,
That dies upon the violets breast,
Her hair is like the dark mist,
On which the evening sun beams rest,
Her smile is like the false light,
Which lures the traveller by its beam;
Her voice is like the soft strain,
Which steals its soul from passions dream.

"Oh! Farewell Dear Erin."
or
"Drimenduath."



Fast flows the tear of despair from mine eye,
Wild from my breast heaves the soul rending sigh.
Where ever I wander my sufferings pursue,
While my heart bleeds dear Eveline for Erin and you.

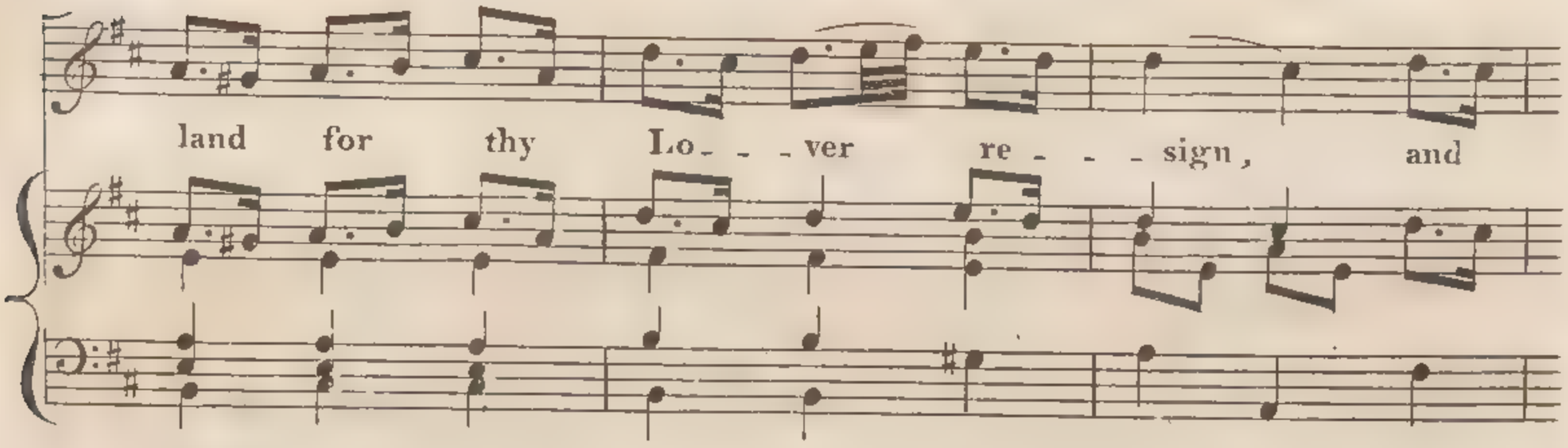
Say canst thou Oh Maid,
Chulom,
"Sha-vecca's un choolem."

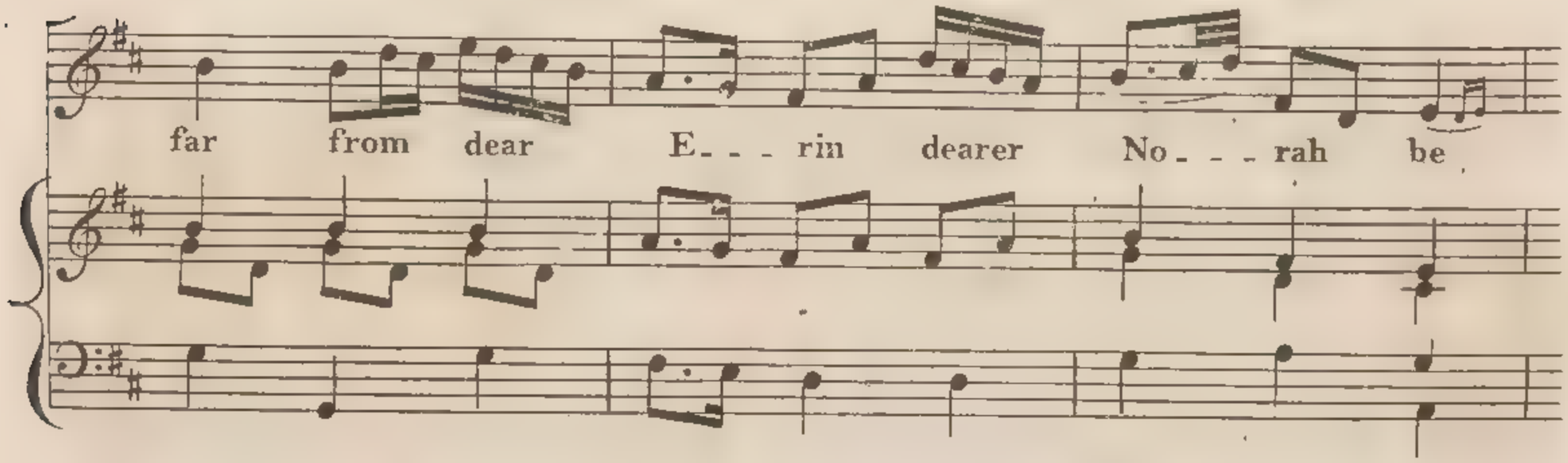
Largo

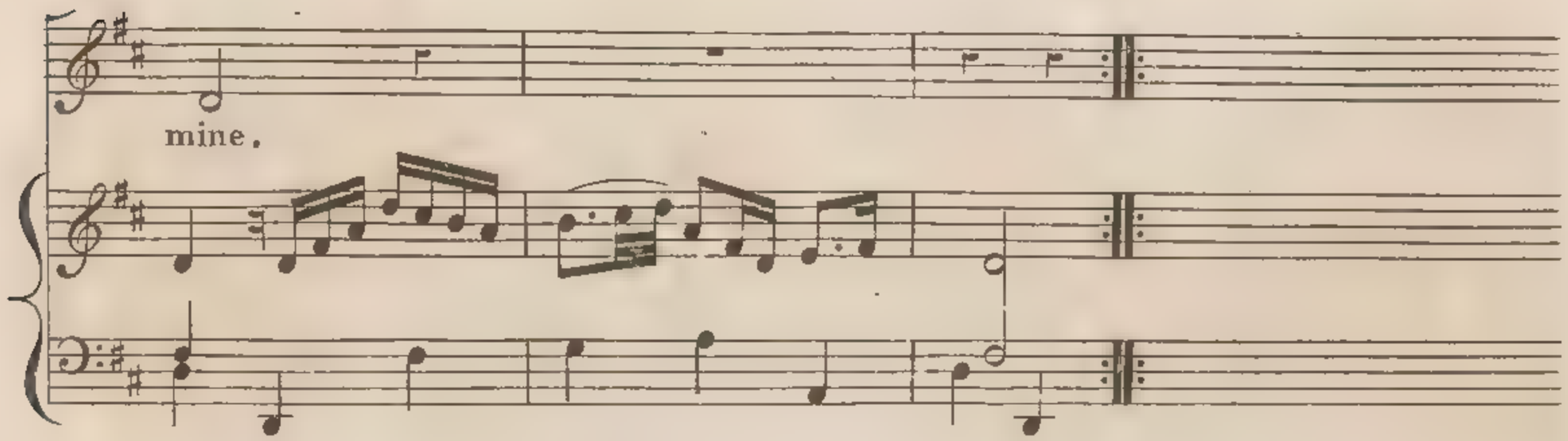
Say can'st thou oh maid of the dark fal - - ling

eye, from E - - - rins green shades with a

fond lo - - - ver fly. Thy dear na - - - tive







2

An exile an alien they force me to stray,
No faint beam of hope to illumine the way.
But wouldst thou sweet Norah my destiny share,
Every sorrow were light every suffering I'd bear.

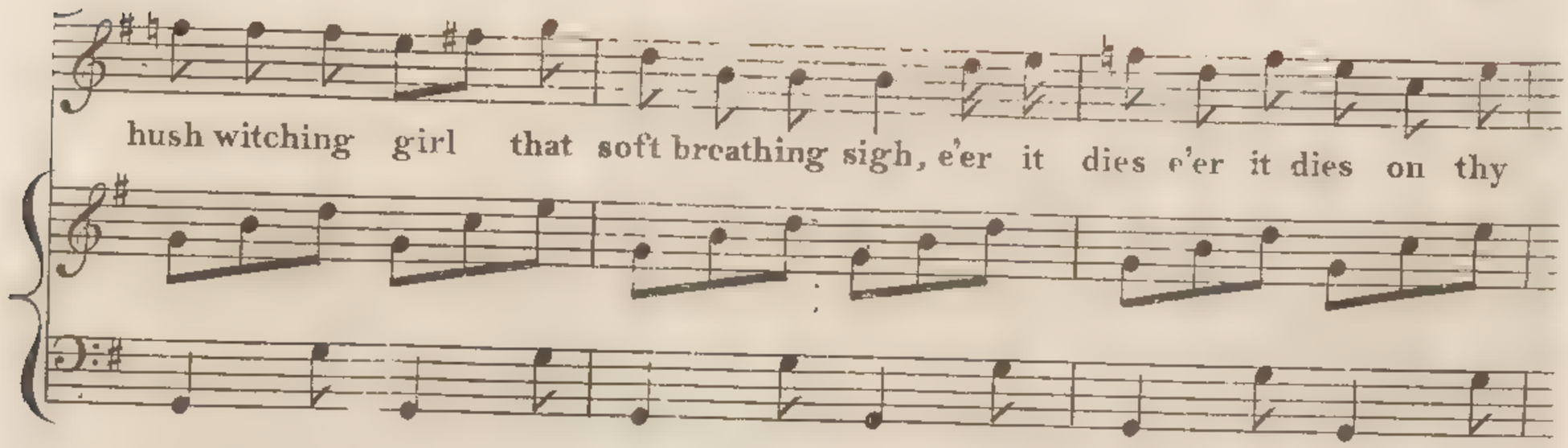
(Away with the tear.)

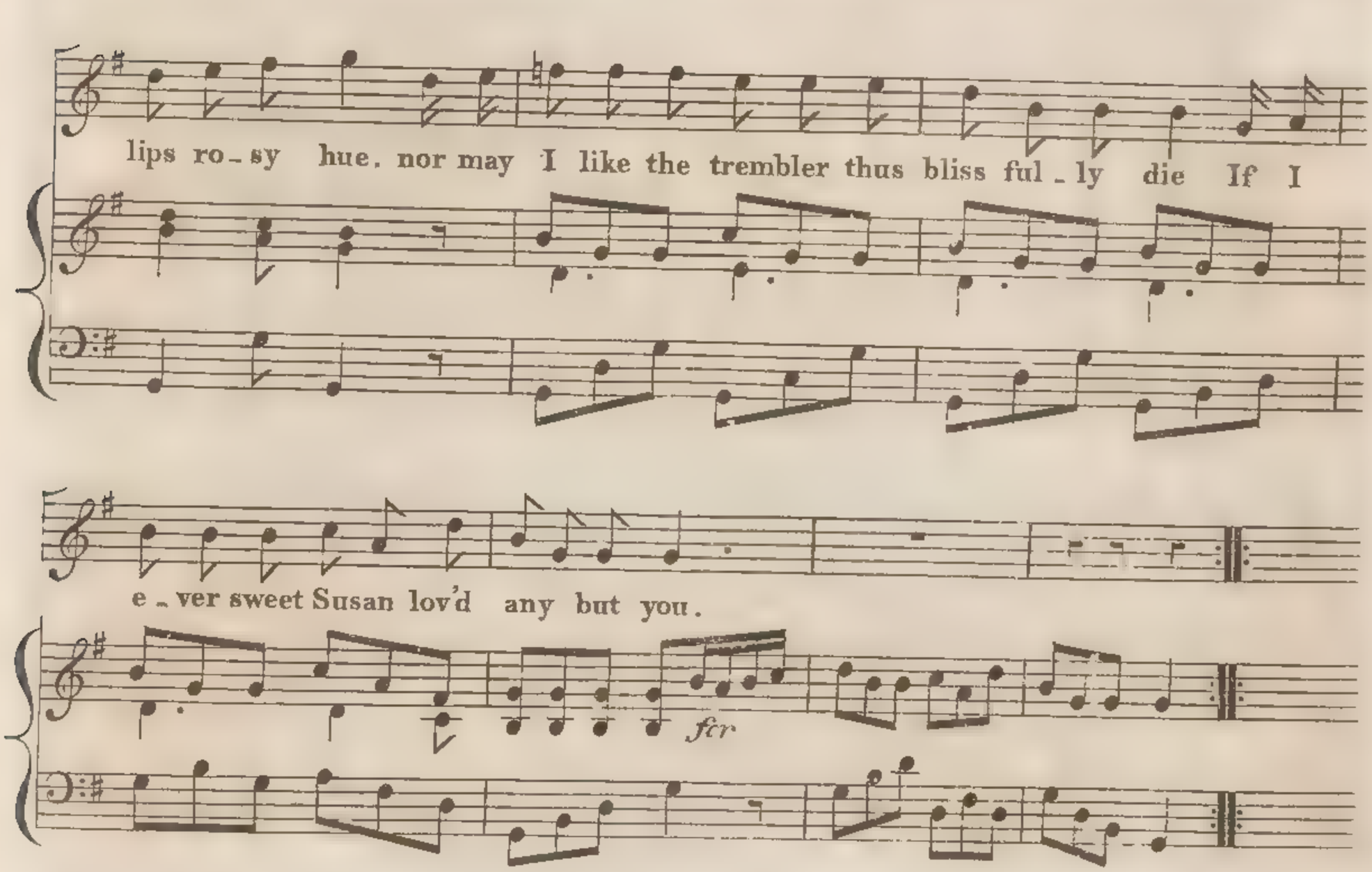
Andantino

A - - way with the tear that re - - proachful - ly gleams in thy soft eye thy

soft eye of hea - ven - ly blue thy darts are but phantoms of

jea - lousys dream for I never O never lov'd any but you. then





2

Then away with that glance whose cold sullen ray,
Glooms the lustre that beamed on the eye of my Sue.
In whose fairy orb the Loves still lurking play,
For I never oh! never lov'd any but you.
That I'd gladly forget you, you justly complain,
And alas! I confess it is true;
But ah! Ingrate Sue I still find it in vain,
To attempt lovely any, any lovely girl but you.

(Open the door 'tis your true Love).

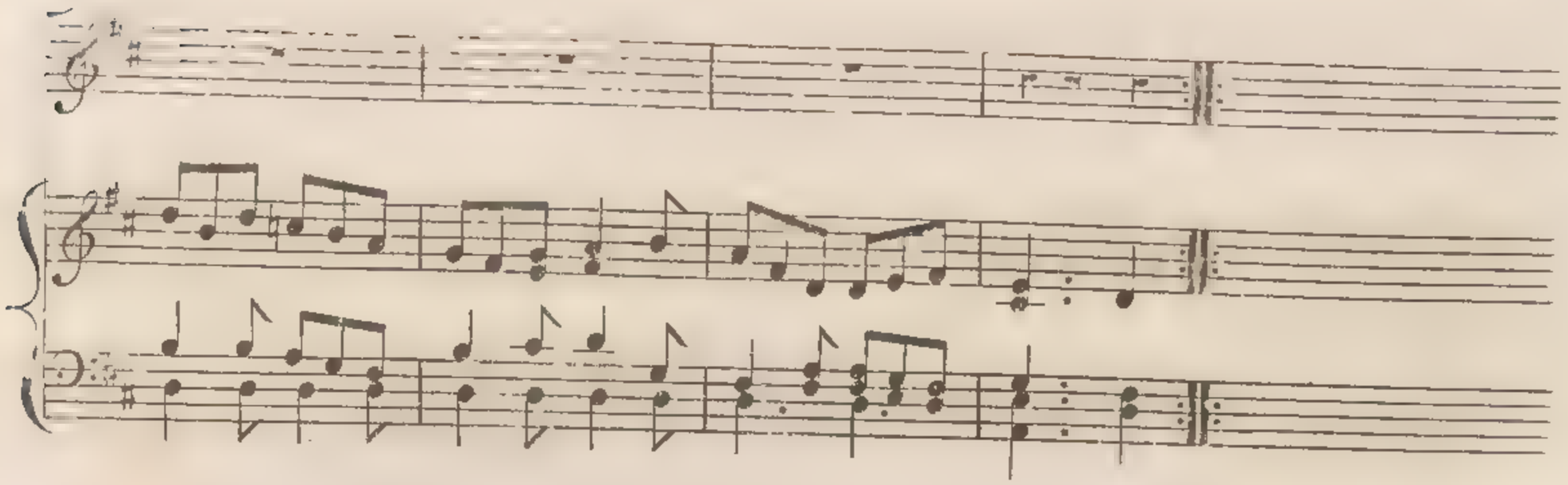
O - pen the door to your true love that sues oh

Andantino

o - pen the door to me love for many a long wea - ry

mile have I walk'd to catch but a glance of thee love.

for



2

The Suns dawning beam had not blush'd o'er the field,
Still bathed in the nights chilly dew love;
Nor the pale twilight star withdrawn its faint ray,
When I rose to journey towards you love.

3

But the Sun is now sunk and the night blasts blew sharp,
Then open the door to me love;
For many a long weary mile have I walked,
To catch but one glance of thee love.

4

Long was my absence and far have I strayed,
Still parted from Erin and thee love,
And long has my heart throb'd to see thee again,
Then open the door to me love.

5

When I fought for my Country its freedom and laws,
My soul was still fired by thee love.
I thought on my love and I conquered my foe,
Then open the door to me love

6

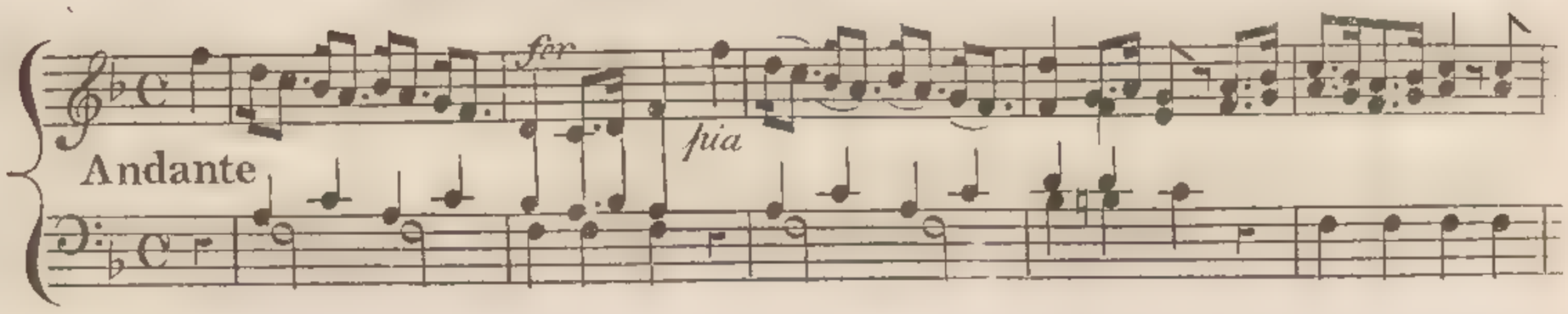
The door it was open'd but not by his love,
Of grief for his absence she died oh!
He saw her pale corse and he kiss'd her cold cheek
And his spirit resigned at her side oh!

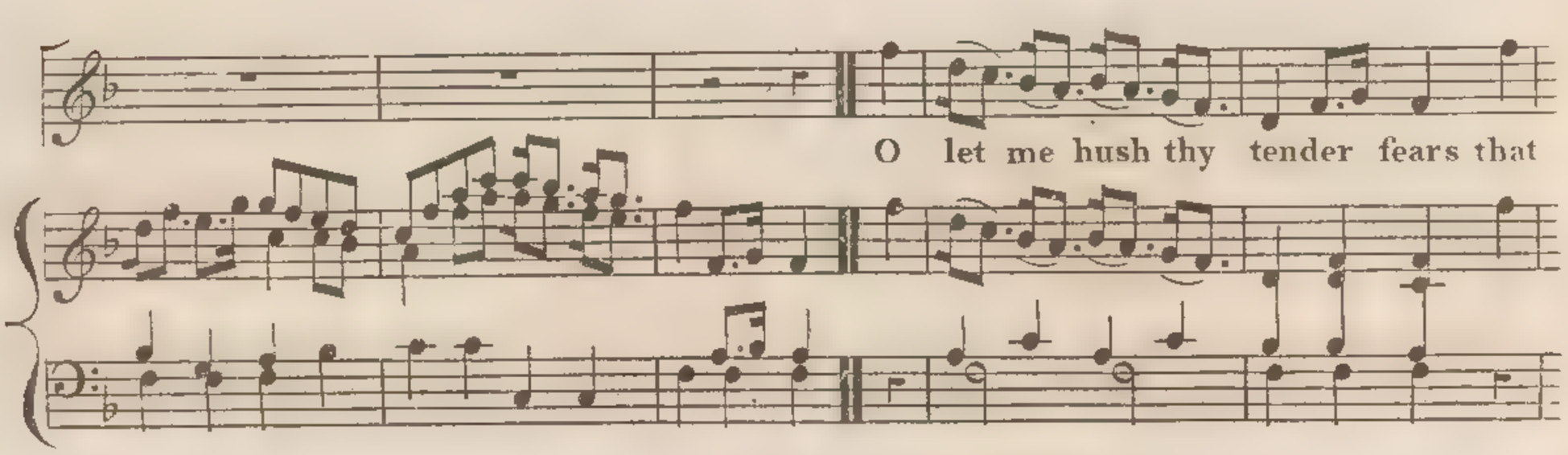
"O let me hush thy tender fears."

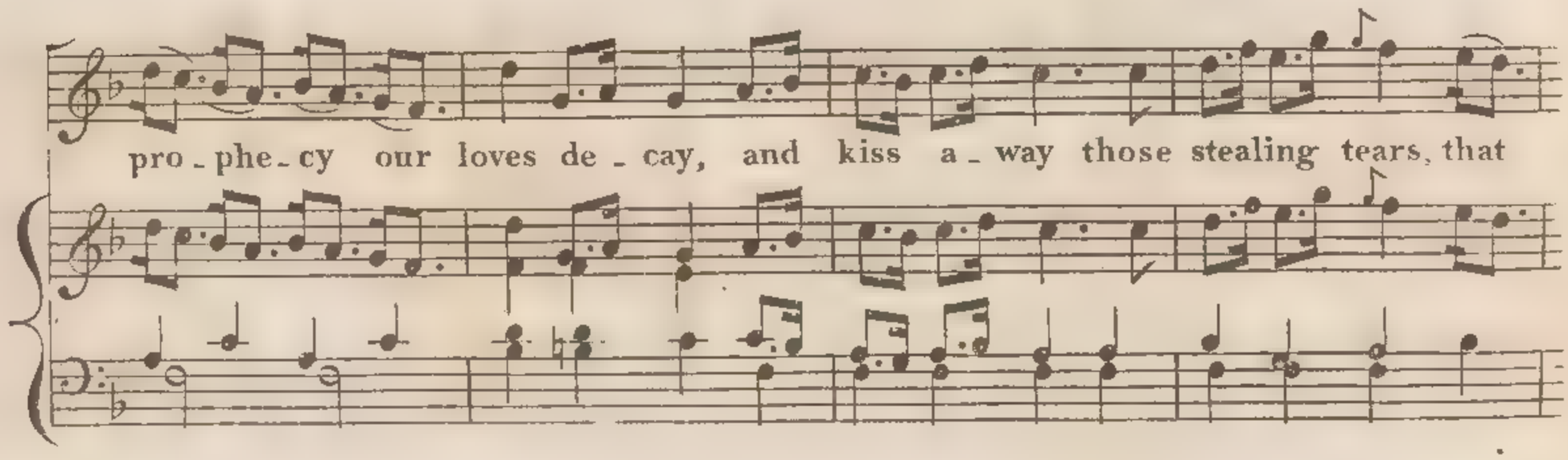
or

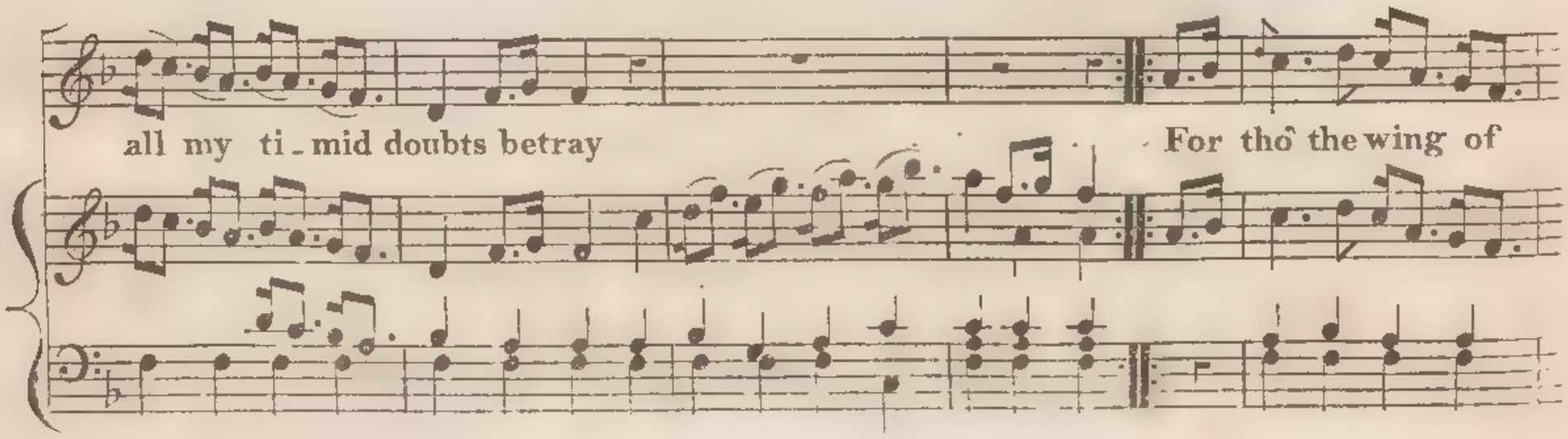
"Ma's thinh no Shlaun la Narlagh' me."

by Carolan.









each fleet hour, should brush some hon_ey charm a_way, yet fear not love to

lose thy pow'r, the soul that won can ne'er decay. Still glowing on thy

cheek I'll find the ling'ring blush of passions dye; and beaming from thy

kindling mind a ray still brightning in thine eye.

22

Oh! Gracy I thought thee mine!

or

"Smeem Shum traet er Vla na femah"

by Carolan.

Andante con Expressione

Oh Gra - cy once I thought thee mine how

coud's thou love de - - - ceive me and the

dream was so di - - vine I dare not dis - - be -

- lieve thee. For when thine eye of languid blue seem'd

soft to say - - - I love thee oh: tho' thy trait'- rous

wiles I knew I dar'd not love re - - prove thee oh:

come then Gra - - cy come a - - gain to bless and

to de - - - - ceive me and tho' I know thou

dost but feign yet I'll a - - gain be - - - lieve thee.

Trio

Ludwig v.

p ff p

f

p ff

f

Waltz

Playfully

8va

8va

8va

8va

Trio

8va

8va - - - - loco

8va - - - - - loco

8va

8va

loco

8va

loco

Trio

8va

8va

The Gipsy Rondo

AN ORIGINAL AIR,

Compos'd & Arranged

for the

Piano Forte

BY

Mr. HOLST.

Ent. at Sta. Hall. Pr. 2

London, Engraved, Printed & Sold by J. BALLS, 408. Oxford Street.

The Public are respectfully cautioned against the purchase of a spurious copy of the Gipsy Rondo now in circulation, the popular Air being composed by Mr Holst & sold as above

Introduction.

Andante

p

> > >

> > >

mf

p

RONDO.

Allegro

8va

loco

p

f

fz

fz

hr

p

8va

hr

f

loco

hr

hr

fz

fz

p

Volti

f

p

f

8va

loco

f

fz *fz*

ff

The favorite Dance of

LADY MARY,

Arranged as a Rondo, for the

PIANO FORTE OR HARP,

BY

L. Jansen.

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Published by J. Power, 34, Strand & W. Power, 4 Westmoreland Str.t Dublin.

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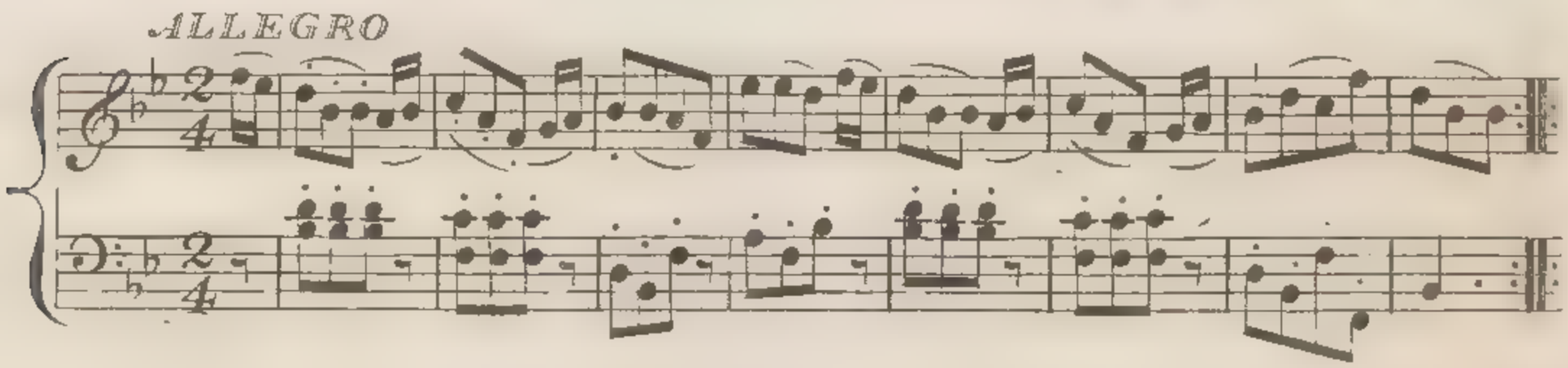
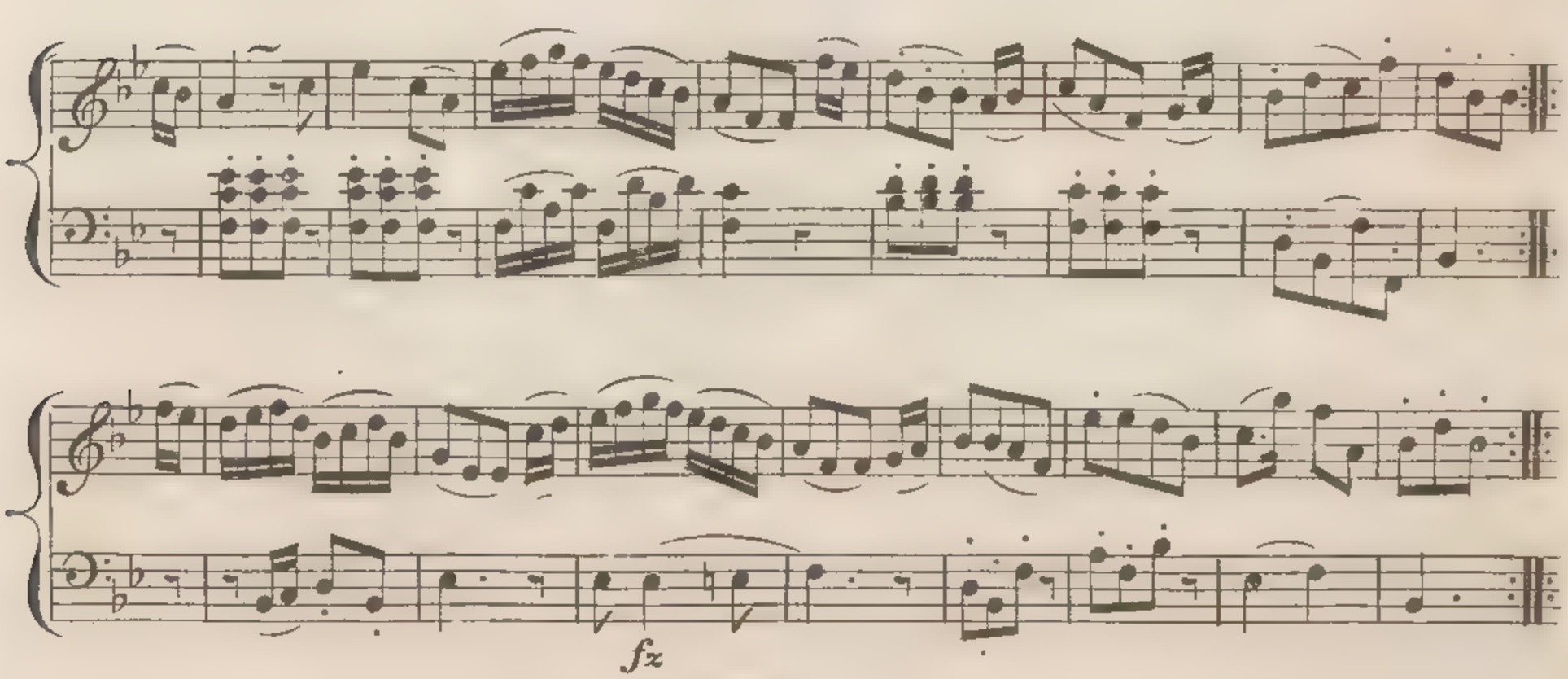




2

fz

fz fz

fz

4

fz fz p

fz fz f

fz

fz

141

A Ballad

MUSIC AND WORDS

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

LONDON.

The Day of Love.

. Music by Wenzel Müller. Words by Moore, Esq.

VOCE

PIANO FORTE

TENDERLY

The

beam of morn_ing trem_ _ bling Stole o'er the moun_tain

brook, With tim - - id ray re - - sem - - bling Af -

fec - tions ear - - ly look. Thus love be -

gins, Sweet morn of

ad lib

love! The

noon tide ray as _ _ cend _ _ _ ed, And o'er the val _ _ ley

stream, Dif _ _ fus'd a glow as splen _ did As

pas _ sions ri _ per dream. Thus love ev _

ad lib

pands; Warm noon of

love!

Bu

eve_ning came, o'er _ _ shad _ _ _ ing The glo _ _ ries of the

sky, Like faith and fond _ _ ness fad _ _ ing From

pas _ sions al _ _ ter'd eye! Thus

love de _ _ clines,

ad lib

Cold _ _ _ _ _ _ _ eye of love!

A Ballad

THE Music (BY)

Thomas Moore Esqr.

The Words by _____

LONDON.

Published at Powers. Music Ware House (34) Strand
And at H Powers (4) Westmorland Street Dublin
Entd at Stationers Hall Price 2s

Wilt thou say farewell, Love?

Music by Thomas Moore Esq.

The words by. ____

Tenderly.

Wilt thou say fare_ _well, love, and from RO_SA part?

RO_SA's tears will tell love, the an_guish of her heart.

I'll still be thine, And thoult be mine,

Volti

ad lib

I'll love thee tho' we se_ver Oh! say can

tempo

I e'er cease to sigh, Or cease to

love, no ne_ver.

Sy.

Wilt thou think of me, love, When

thou art far a _ _ way? Oh! I'll think of thee love

ne_ _ver ne_ _ver stray I'll still be thine

ad lib

And thou'lt be mine I'll love thee tho' we sever,

tempo

Oh! say can I e'er cease to sigh

Volti

or cease to love? no ne_ver,

Let not others' wile, love, Thy

ar_dent heart be__tray, Re__ mem_ber RO_SA's smile, love,

RO_SA far a way. I'll still be thine,

ad lib

and thou'lt be mine, I'll love thee tho' we

tempo.

se_ver, Oh! say can I e'er cease to

sigh or cease to love? no ne_ver.

Mrs. Mc Bride

A Ballad

Dedicated to

Her Grace the

Duchess of Bedford

LONDON.

Published at J. Powers Music Ware House (34) Strand.
& Sold at W. Powers (4) Westmorland St.t Dublin.

Ent.d at Stationers Hall

Here's the Bower

Words written by the Hon. Mrs. Norton

With Expression

Here's the Bow'r she lov'd so much. And the tree she

plant-ed. Here's the Harp she us'd to touch,- Oh!

Volti

how that touch en – – chant – ed! Ro – – ses now un –

heed – ed sigh, Where's the hand to wreathe them?

Songs a – round ne – – glect – ed lie, Where's the lip to

breathe them? Here's the Bow'r she lov'd so much,

And the tree she plant_ed, Here's the Harp she

usd to touch! Oh! how that touch en_chant_ed!

Sym.

Volti

4

Spring may bloom but she we lov'd Ne'er shall feel its

sweet - nefs! Time, that once so fleetly mov'd, Now hath lost its

fleet - nefs. Years were days when here she stray'd,

Days were mo - ments near her; Heav'n ne'er form'd a

brighter Maid, nor Pi_ty wept a dear_er! Here's the Bow'r she

lov'd so much, And the tree she plant_ed.

Here's the Harp she us'd to touch_ Oh! how that touch en_

chanted!

Syn.

When time who steals our years away.

A Ballad

Inscribed

TO

MRS. HENRY TIGHE,

of

Woodstock.

Printed for J. & J. Carpenter,
Old Bond Street.

1802.

When Time who steals our years away.

The Music and Words by Thos Moore Esq.r

Ad libitum

When Time who steals our years a - way shall

Piano Forte

steal our pleasures too The memory of the

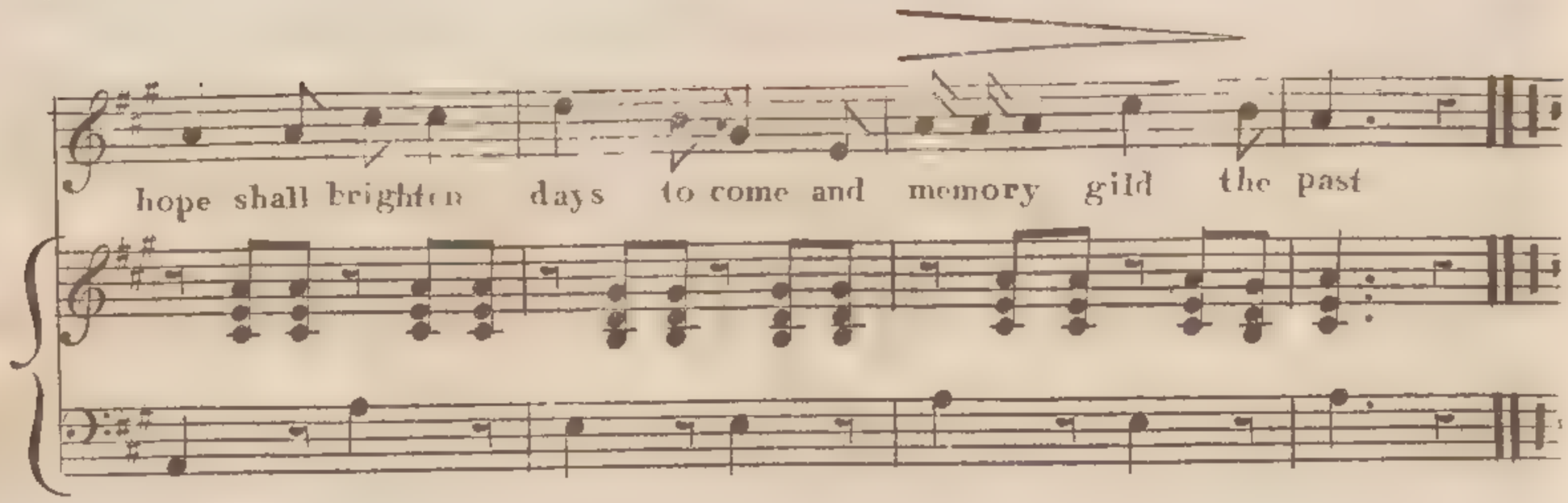
past will stay and half our joys re - new Then

Cloe when thy beautys flower shall feel the wint - ry

air, Re - membrance will re - call the hour when

thou a - lone wert fair, Then talk no more of

fu - ture gloom Our joys shall al-ways last, For



Come Cloe fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee;
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace,
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl away with gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Cloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet,
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last,
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

NEVER KISS & TELL.

1

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

At the T. R. D. L. *In the Opera of*

THE TRAVELLERS,

OR MUSIC'S FASCINATION,

With Harp & Flute Obligato,

Composed by D. Corri. *Written by Mr. Cherry,*

Entd at Stat.r Hall *Price 1/6*

Printed for the Author, 28 Haymarket

Flute by Mr T[illeard]

PEDAL HARP.

In Christian land I un_ _der_ _stand And

like and like and like their Hu_ _mour well. Flute

un_ _der_ _stand and like and like and like their hu_ _mour well Each

wed_ded pair or sin_gle fair each youthful Beau each youthful

Bell each youth_ful Beau each Beau and Bell_ _ _ _ _ In spor_tive

Allegro.

bliss will toy and kiss But ne_ _ver ne_ _ver ne_ver kiss &

S.

S.

S.

Trav? Single .

tell No no no no no never no never ne_ _ _ ver kiss & tell No

no no no no never no never ne_ _ _ ver kiss & tell no no no no no no no

no no no no no ne_ _ ver kiss and tell.

FINE

In Turkish Land I wish I wish twere plan'd that love that love that love en_ _ tet ter d

Trav.s Single.

dwell Flutes. I wish I wish twere plan'd that love that love that love un -

f

- - fet - - ter'd dwell But at our nod the ro - - sy God the mist of

love of love dis - - pell the mist of love of love dis - -

Allegro

- pell - - - We'd sport and kiss in harm - les bliss But ne - - ver &c.

Trav.s Single.

Da Capo Seno al Fine

"In this world plenty wives. I will lay down my head."

Sung by

Mr. Bradham.

Mrs. Pitt & Miss Tree in the Theatre Royal Dublin

Favorite Opera of

KAIS or LOVE in the DESERTS

as perform'd at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane

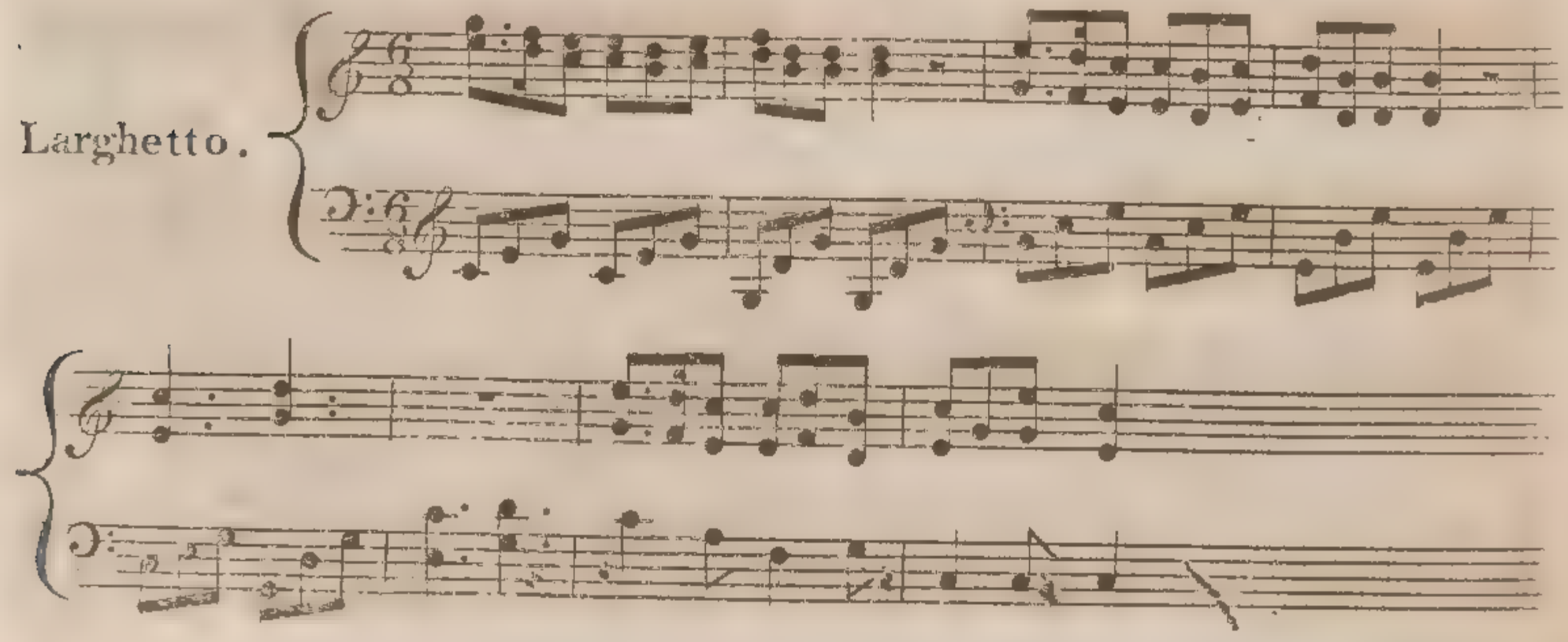
Composed by

MR BRAHAM.

Ent.d at Stat. Hall. *Pr 2/*

London Printed by Goulding D'Almaine Potter and Co.ll 2 4 New Bond St & 7 Westmorland St.t Dublin

Larghetto.

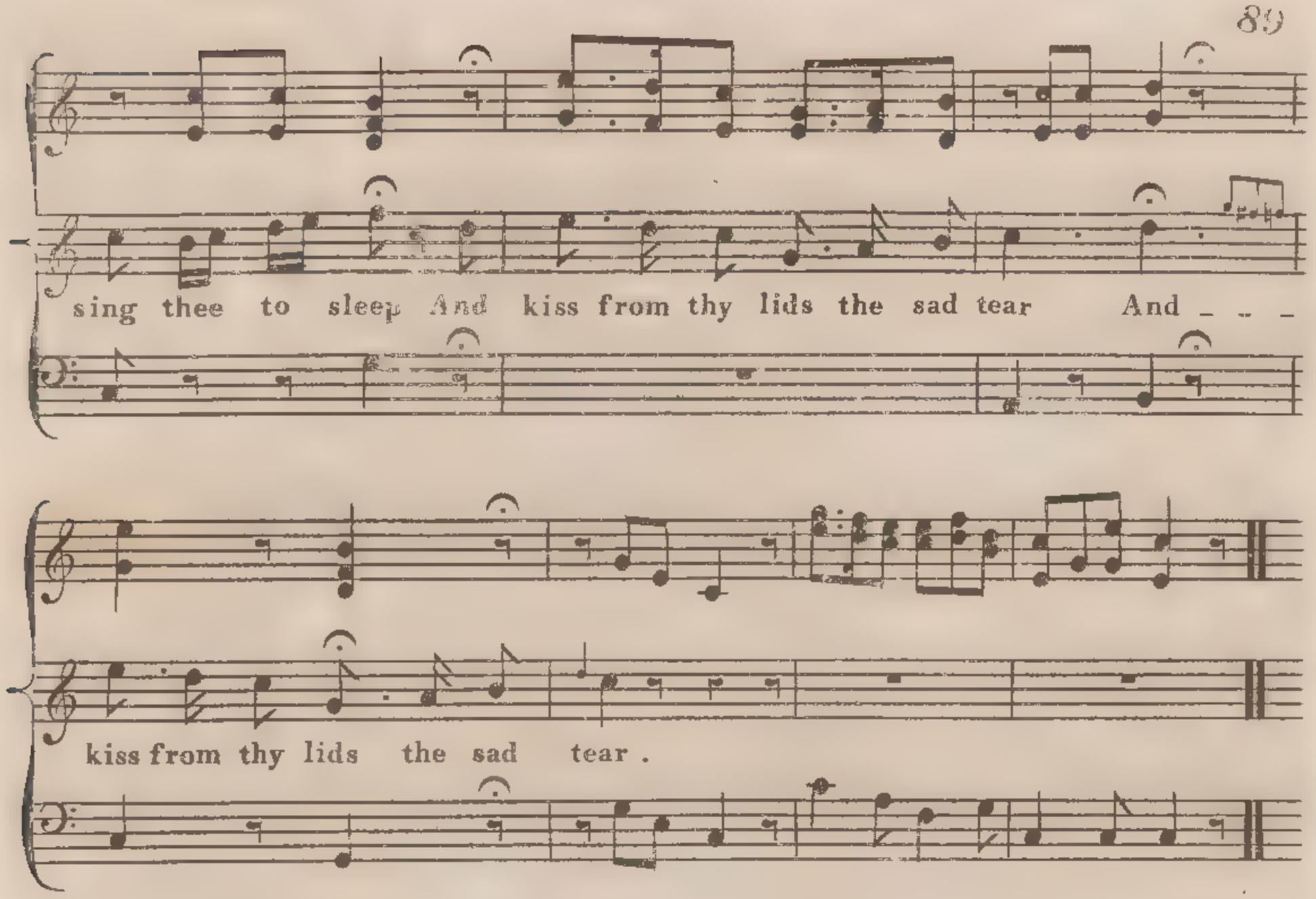


On this cold flin ty Rock I will lay down my head And happy I'll sing thro the

night The Moon shall smile sweetly up - on my cold bed, And the

Stars crowd to give me their light! Then come to me my gentle dear O

turn thy sweet eyes to me To my bo - som now creep I will



This innocent flower which these rude cliffs unfold,
Is thou love!the joy of this Earth!
But the Rock that it springs from so flinty and cold,
Is thy Father that gave thee thy birth.
Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of the eve,
And the winds that so mournfully cry;
Are the sighs and the tears of the Youth thou must leave,
To lie down in these deserts to die.
Then come to me, &c.

When dearest Ellen I'll love you no more.

A Ballad

Composed & Dedicated to

MISS FANNY WATSON,

BY

Sir John Stevenson. Mus. Doc.

London.

Published at J. Power's Music Warehouse 34 Strand
and W. Power's 4, Westmorland Street. Dublin.

Price 2s.

'When first I met Ellen.'

Music by Sir J. Stevenson Mus. Doc:— Words by E. J. B. Esq.

1.

sunshine of day in nights darkness be glowing, O! then, dearest ELLEN, I'll

love you no more! I'll love you no more! And the sunshine of day, in nights

darkness be glowing, dearest ELLEN, dearest ELLEN, I'll love you no more! I'll

espress

love you no more! I'll love you no more! Oh! then dearest ELLEN I'll

love you no more!

2d VERSE.

When of hope the last spark which thy smile lov'd to cherish, In my

bosom shall die and its splendor be o'er; And the pulse of that heart which a-

dores you, shall perish! O' then, dearest ELLEN, I'll love you no more! I'll

love you no more, And the pulse of that heart which a - dores you shall perish, Dearest

ELLEN, dearest ELLEN, I'll love you no more, I'll love you no more, I'll

a tempo

love you no more, Oh! then dearest ELLEN I'll love you no more!

A Catalogue of Music.

Composed by

Thos. Moore Esq.r & Sir J. Stevenson. Mus.Doc.

Published by J.Power,34,Strand,London, and W.Power,4,Westmoreland Street,Dublin

SONGS			DUETS			GLEES					
Away with this Pouting	1	0				*A Broken Cake*	1	6	*A Selection of Irish Melodies*		
						A Canadian Boat Song	3	0	*with Symphonies and Accomp.ts*		
						And will he not come again	1	6	*by Sir Jn.o Stevenson Mus.Doc.*		
Come take the Harp	2	0				*Awake Apollo calls* ..	1	0	*and Characteristic Words, by*		
Can I again that form enfold	1	6							*Thos.s Moore Esq.r* . *N.o 1*	15	0
Cease oh Cease to tempt	2	0							*Ditto* .. *D.o* *N.o 2*	15	0
Come rest in this soft sweet Bard	2	0									
Come tell me says Rosa	1	6	*Congenial to friends*	1	0	*Blest were the days* . . .	2	0			
Did not	1	6									
Fanny dearest	2	0									
Friend of my soul	1	0	*Edmund o' the Hill* .	1	6						
Fly from the World O Bessy	1	6									
Farewell Bessy . .	1	6									
Good Night	2	0									
Here's the Bower . . .	2	0				*Now let the Banner wave*	2	6			
Hushd be that sigh .	1	6				*Now the Star of Day is high*	3	0			
						Now is the Merry Month of May	5	0			
If I swear by that Eye .	1	0	*Love & the Sundial* .	2	0						
If thou to love thee be offence	2	0	*Love my Mary dwells with*	2	0						
I can no longer state	1	0									
Love in a storm .	1	6				*Oh Lady fair* .	3	0			
Little Mary's Eve	1	0				*Oh Stay sweet fair*	3	0			
						Oh tell me Pilgrims	2	6			
Mary I believd thee true	1	0	*Oh never shall my sun forget*	2	6						
Oh why should the girl	2	0									
Oft in my life am sudden as	1	0									
Sweet Seducer	1	6									
Sweet Minstrel sing .	1	6				*Sigh not thus dissemble Boy*	2	0			
Sweet Lady look not thus again	2	0				*Sweet Lady look not thus*	3	0			
Send the Bowl round . ..	1	0				*Sequel to Oh Lady fair*	5	0			
That Shepherd sure is he	1	6	*Tell me where is fancy*	2	0						
The Day of Love	2	0	*That I no longer wish to rove*	1	6						
The Blue eyed Maid ..	1	6	*The Catherine* . .	2	0						
The wreath you wave	1	6				*To the Brook & the willow*	2	6			
There's the Bower ..	1	6									
To Julia Weeping . .	1	0									
The Maid of Marlwile . .	2	0				*Under the Greenwood tree*	2	6			
Thou sis . .	1	6									
To the Brook & the Willow .. .	1	0									
The Maid whose heart . .	2	0				*Where shall the Lover rest*	2	6			
Take back the sigh	2	0									
What's life unblest with love	1	0									
When time who steals	2	0									
Will thou say farewell love .	2	0									

The Pangs of absence doomd to prove;

(a Canzonet,)

The Words Imitated from the Italian of

METASTASIO,

Composed for & Inscribed to

Miss Plunkett,

BY

(T. PHILIPPS.)

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 1/6

LONDON,

Published by J. Power, 34, Strand & W. Power, 4, Westmoreland Str. Dublin.

seek the haunts of her I love And fond remem_brance

place me nigh, And fond remembrance place me nigh

lentando

Round her dear i_mage wont to hover And Sylph_like still her

pia

path pur__sue, My ea_ger thoughts shall soon dis__co_ver My

lentando

ea_ _ _ger thought shall soon dis_co _ _ver And bring the Tru _ ant

pia *Cres* *for*

to my view And bring the Tru _ _ ant to my view And

Dim *for*

bring the Tru _ _ ant to my view The tru_ant to my

Dim *pia* *fz*

to my

view The tru _ ant to my view.

fz *fz* *for*

THE FLOWERY BAND

A BALLAD

with an Accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE

Written and Composed by

Tho.s Moore Esq.r

Ent.d at Sta.rs Hall

Dublin Published by Hime N.o 34 College G.n *Pr 1.s 6.d*

ANDANTINO.

Thou hast sent me a flow-e-ry band --------- And told me 'twas fresh from the

field ---------- That the leaves were un-touch'd by the hand ---------- And the

sweetest of o-dours wou'd yield And in-deed it is fra-grant and

fair ---------- But if it were hand-led by

thee ---------- It wou'd bloom with a live-li-ar air ---------- and wou'd

sure-ly be sweet-er to me.

Th n take it and let it en-twine ---------- Thy tres-ses so

flowing and bright ---------- And each lit - tle flowret will shine --------.

---- More rich than a gem to my sight And in stead of the

dew that it bears ---------- The dew dropping

fresh from the tree --------- On its leaves let me num - ber the tears -------

----- That af fection has sto-len from thee.

MARY I BELIEVE THEE TRUE

A much Admired new Song

The Words by THO.S MOORE ESQ.R

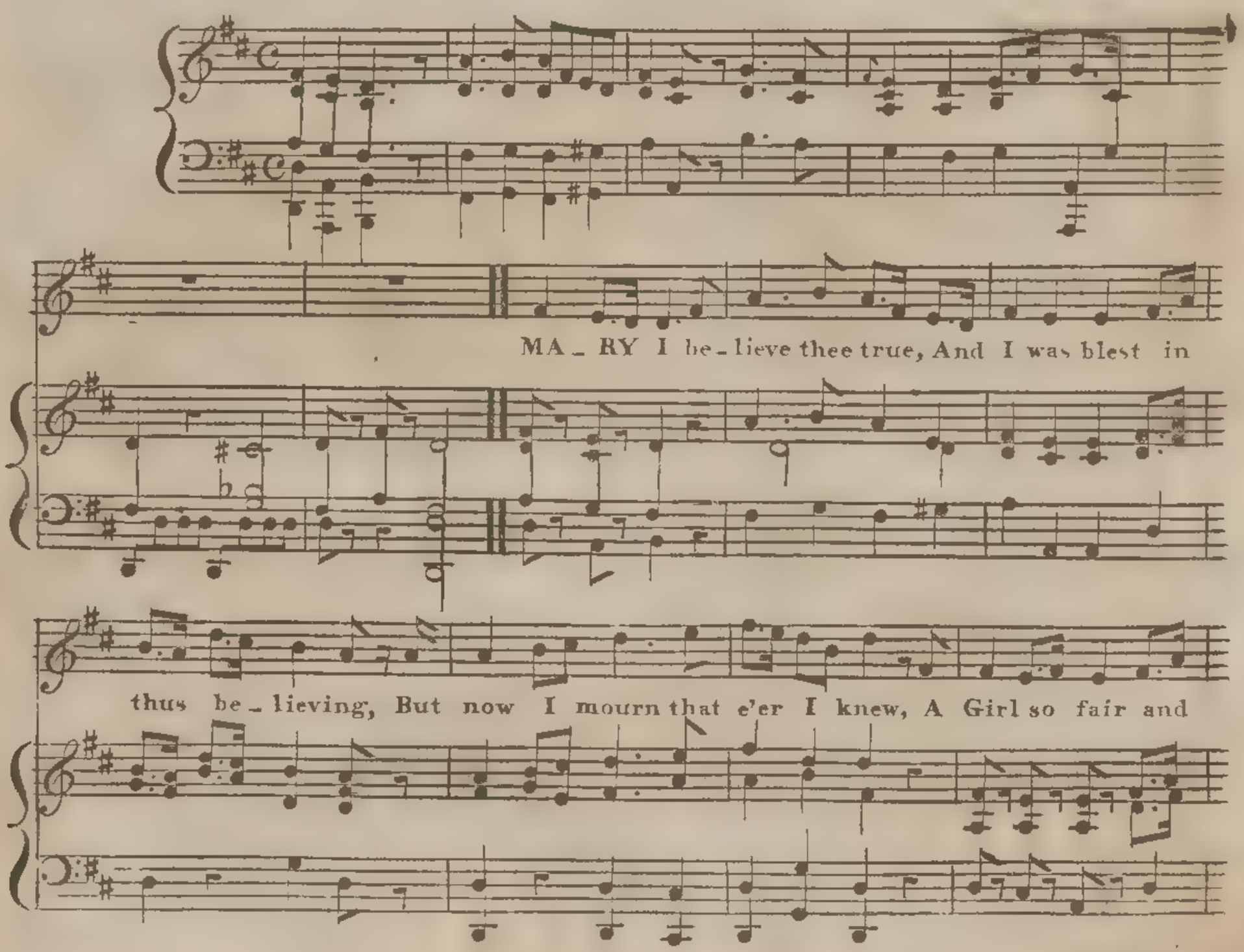
Ent.d at Stat.rs Hall

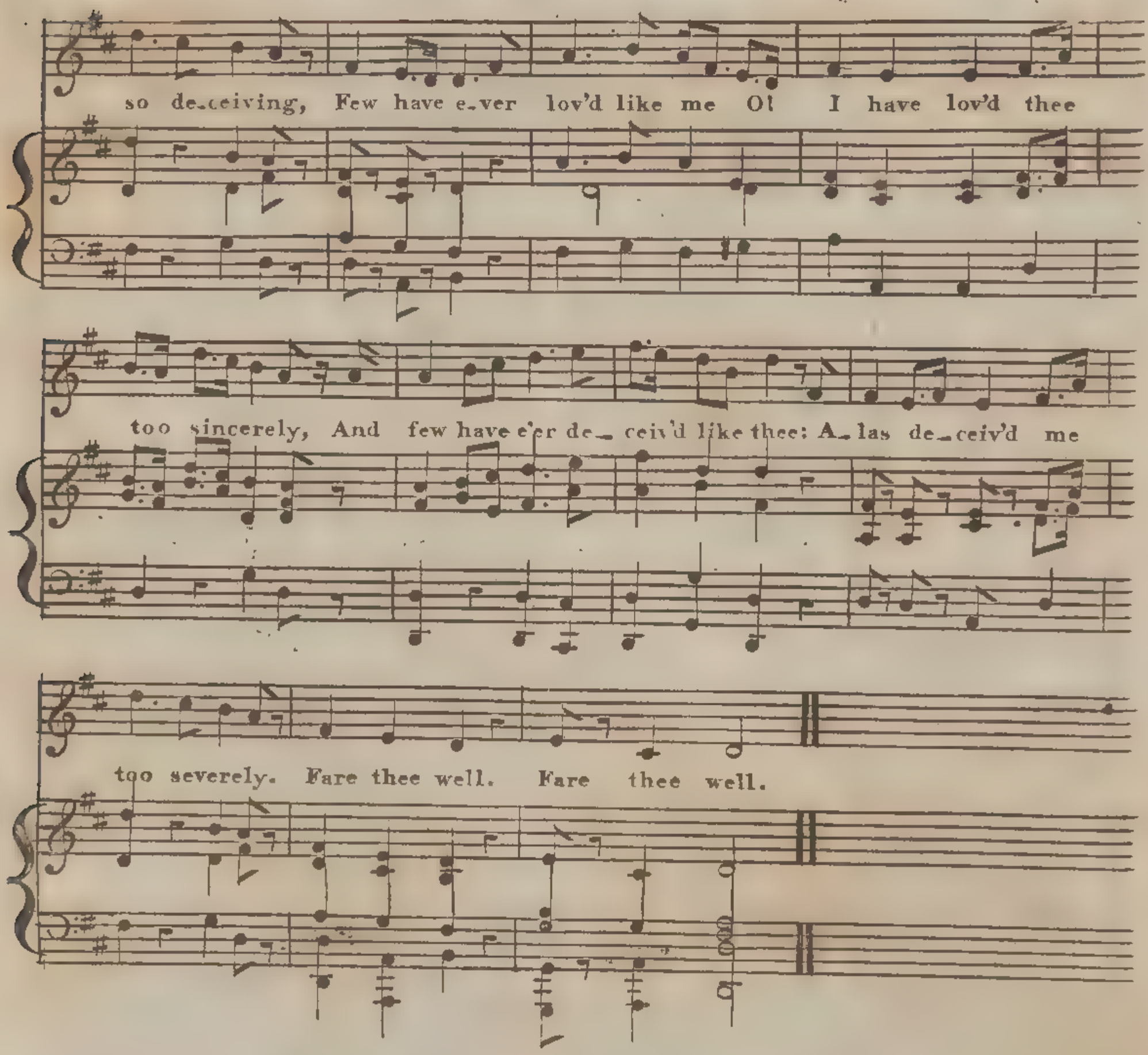
DUBLIN.

Published by Hime N.o 34 College Green.

where may be had by the same author.

O Lady Fair	3.3	The Probability	6 h.
Will you come to the Bower	1.1.	Away with this pouting	6 h.
Memory	6 h.	Send the Bowl round	6h.
Little Mary's Eye	6 h.	I can no longer stifle	6h.
Fanny was in the Grove	1.1.	Nothing in Life can sadden	6h.





2

Fare thee well yet think a while,
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee,
Fare thee well I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token
For see, distracting woman see;
My peace is gone___my heart is broken.
Fare thee well .

"Spirito tiranno"

The Celebrated

POLLACCA,

As sung with universal Applause

AT THE

DUBLIN CONCERTS,

Composed with a Pianoforte accompaniment

AND

Violin Obligato,

BY

PAUL ADDAY.

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Violino Obligato.

Canto.

Piano Forte

Sul ponticello.

f

Allegretto.

f

Loco

Perche ti

Pizzi

p

f

lagni mio dolce a=more per che mi di ci ch'io piu non t'amo tu pur co

p

Arco

f

nosci questo mio core che solo vi=ve pensando a te

pp *f*

sf

p

f

Perche mi di=ci ch'io piu non t'amo tu per=o nosci questo mio

p

f

cor che solo vive sol per_ _te

p

4

p

Di mia fe-de si- cu-ro sei si si-curo

p

8 3 3

sei ti die=di prove di mia cos=tan=za- mai cos-

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

pp

-tanza Dun=que la--gnar--ti mio ben non dei se

pp

pp

sei si - -cu - - - -ro del- la mia fe Dun que la -

pp

- - gnar - - ti mio ben non dei se sei si

Cres

f ff

cu = · ro dei - la mia fe

f ff

f f

p *pp*

tu pur co = nosci questo mio cor per che ti lagni mio dolce a

p *pp*

a more per che mi di ci ch'io piu non t'amo tu pur co = nosei questo mio

co_re che so_lo vive sol per te . che so - - - - lo vi - ve pen

san = do a te Che so - - - - - lo vi - - - - ve pen = san - do a

te pen - - san - do a te pen - - san - - do a te

8

8 8 8 8 8

FLORA'S WREATH.

A Pastoral BALLAD, as Sung by

Mr. Phillips,

with universal applause at the

ADELPHI THEATRE,

and at the

Public & Private Concerts

Composed by

J. MAZZINGHI.

Arranged for the Voice & Piano Forte, with a Flageolet, or German Flute, Accompaniment

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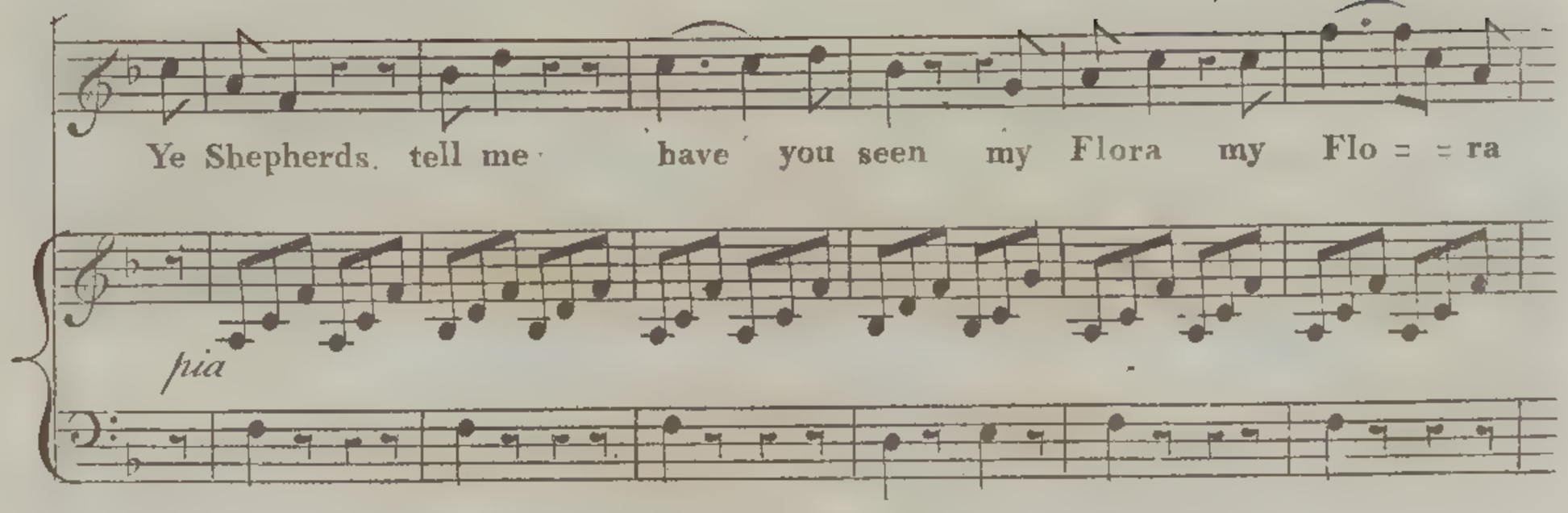
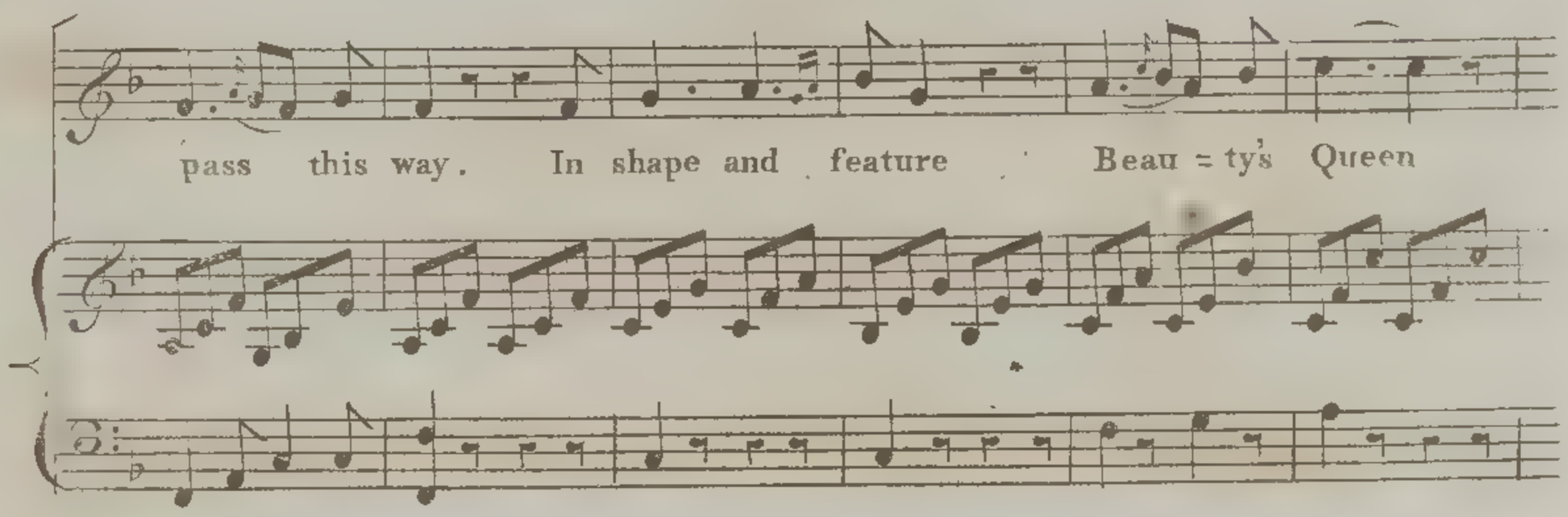
Voce.

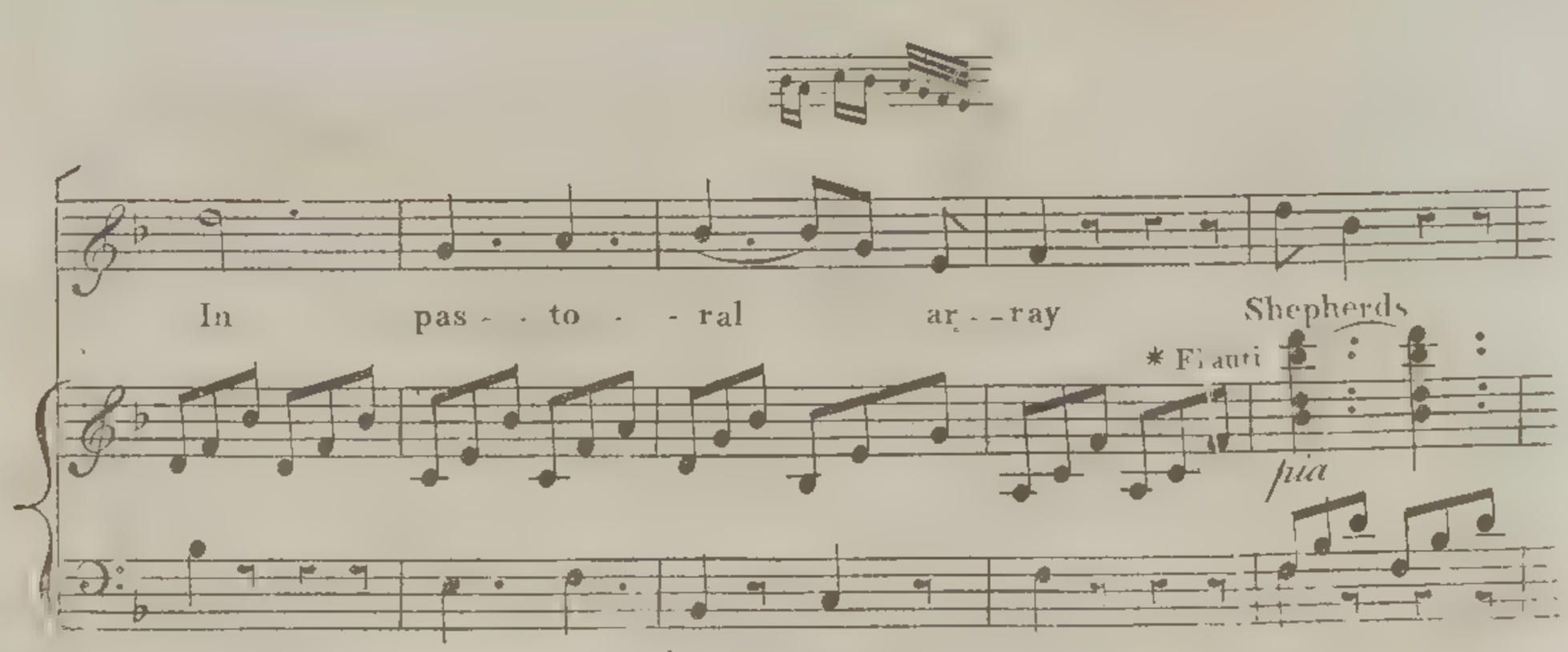
Piano Forte.

pia

p *for* *for*







* NB. When there is no Flutes or Flageolets, play the high Notes with the right hand on the Piano Forte.

tell me ah tell me have you seen tell me have you

dolce

seen my Flora pass this way Ah tell me have you

Slow

seen - - my Flora pass this way.

for

2d VERSE.

A wreath a = round her head she wore Car=nation Car _ na _ - tion

Lil = ly _ - Rose And in her hand a crook she bore

And sweets her lips = = = dis = close Shepherds tell me ah

tell me have you seen tell me have you seen my Flora pass this

way Ah tell me have you seen _ my Flora pass _ this way

3d VERSE.

The beauteous wreath that decks her head forms her des = crip - - tion

her des - crip = = tion true hands lilly white Lips crimson red

And cheeks and cheeks of ro _ - sy hue Shepherds tell me Ah

tell me have you seen tell me have you seen my Flora pass this

tell me have you seen _ _ _ _ my Flora pass this way.

THE BAY of BISCAY O!

AS SUNG

with Universal Applause

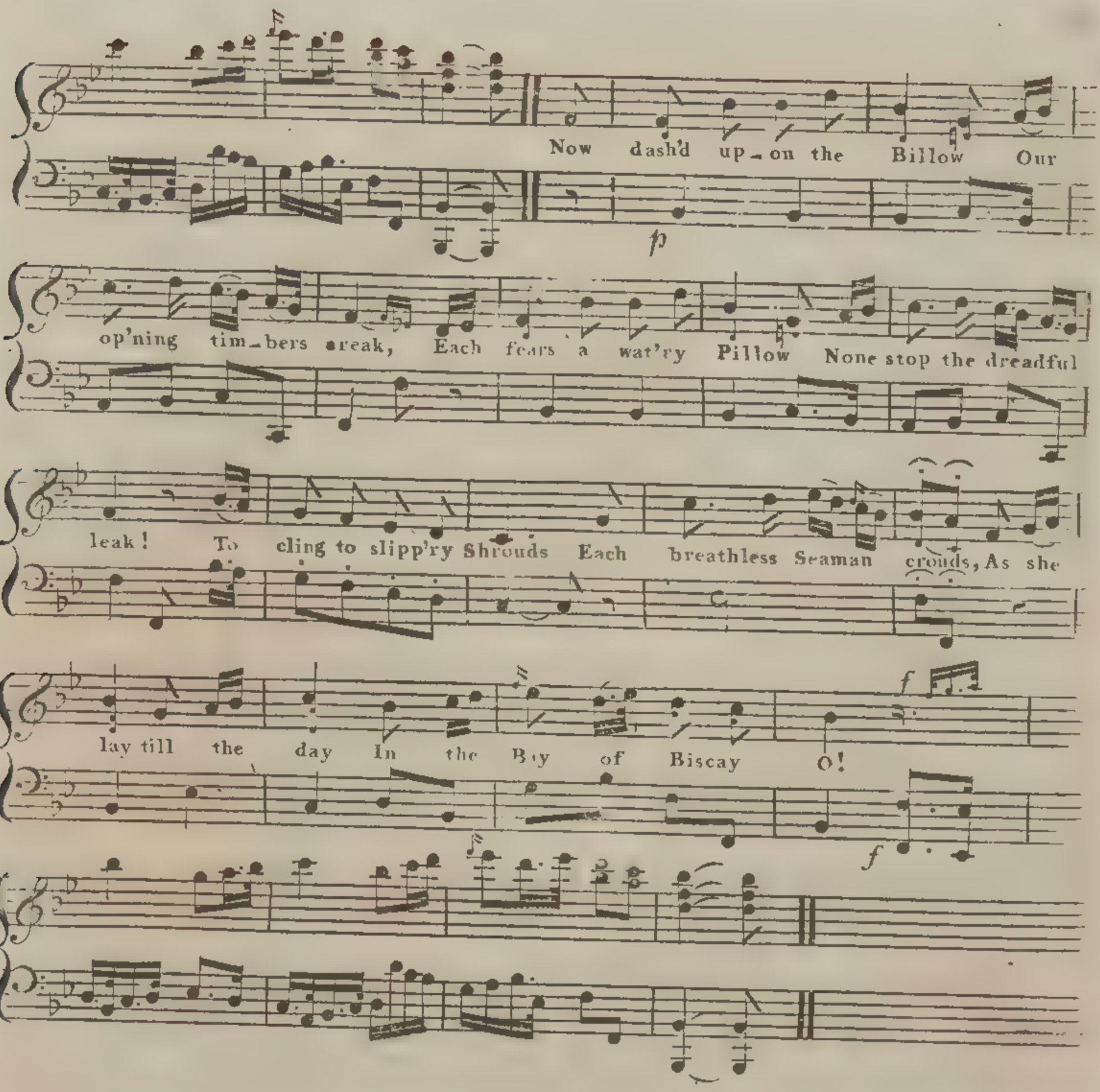
BY

Mr. INCLEDON.

DUBLIN.

Published by Hime N.o 34 College G.n

Pr 1/1



3

At length the wish'd for morrow,
Broke thro the hazy Sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd the bitter sigh,
The dismal Wreck to view,
Struck horror to the Crew,
As she lay
On that day
In the Bay of Biscay O.

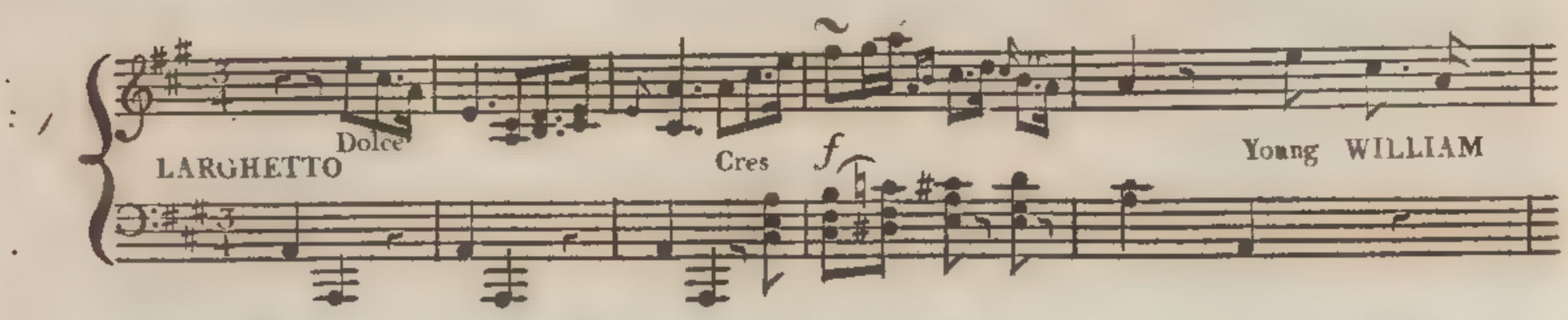
4

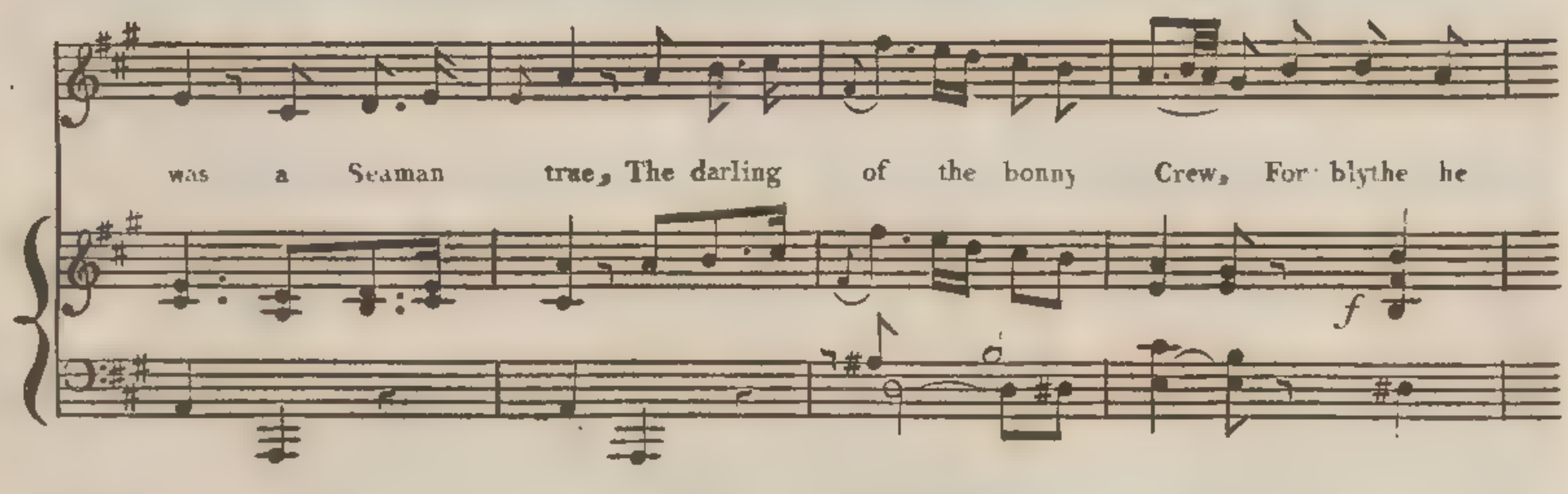
Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When heav'n all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A Sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail
With the gale
From the Bay of Biscay O.

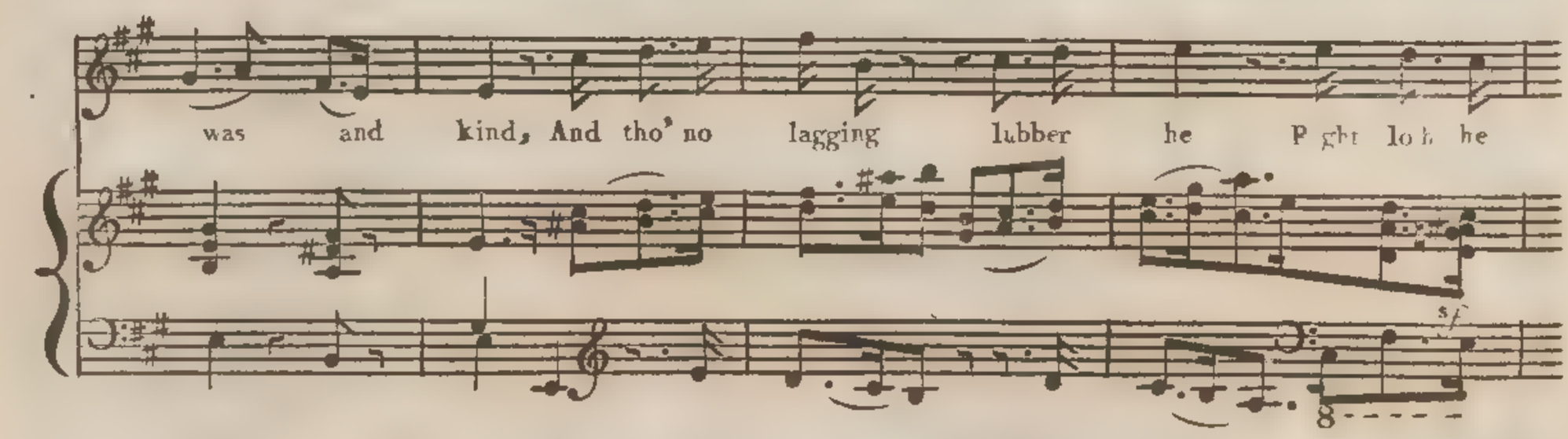
WILLIAM WAS A SEAMAN TRUE

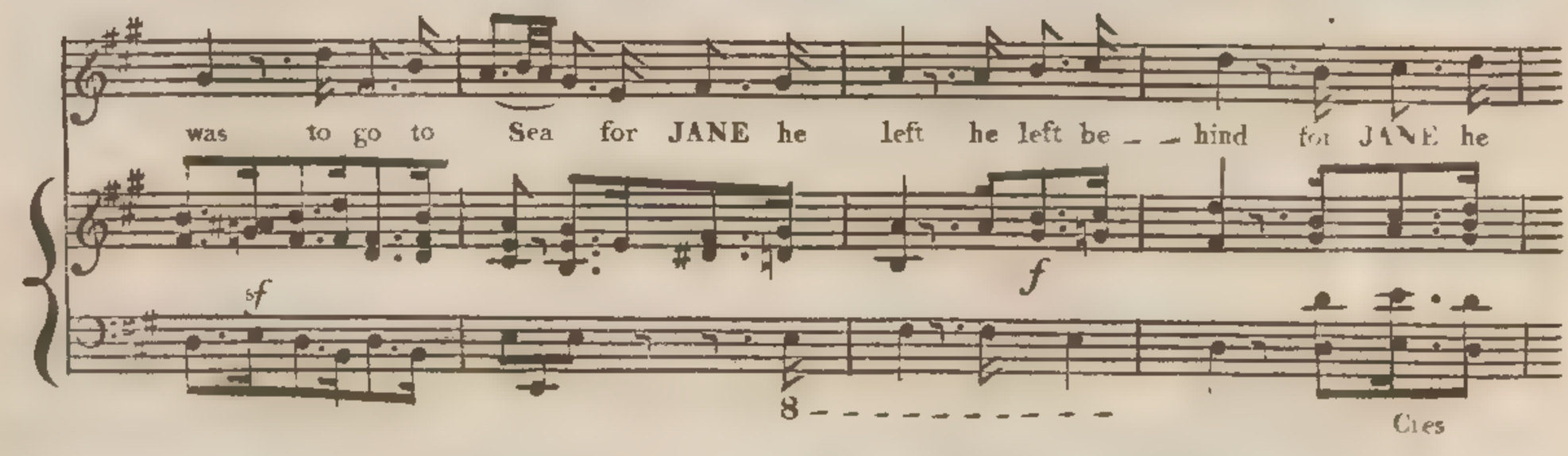
A Favorite BALLAD, Composed & Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

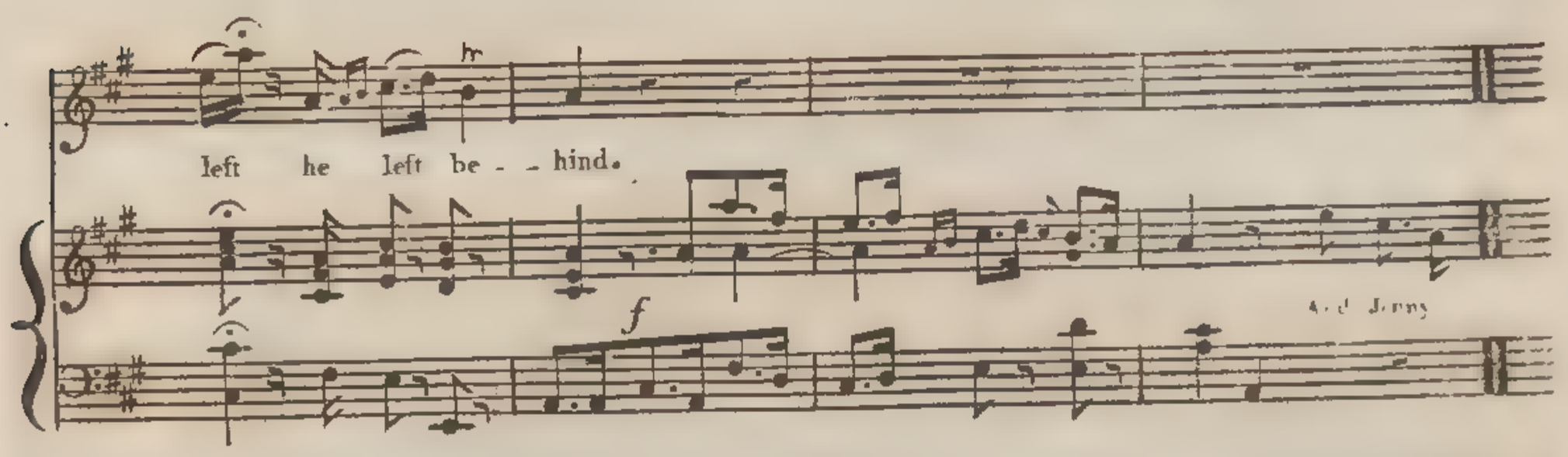
DUBLIN Published by HIME at his Musical circulating Library Nº 34 College Green.











2

And JENNY lov'd but all by stealth,
Her Father had much store of wealth,
Of WILL he would not hear,
Till cruel chance at length reveal'd,
The passion they so long conceal'd,
And WILLIAM lost his dear.

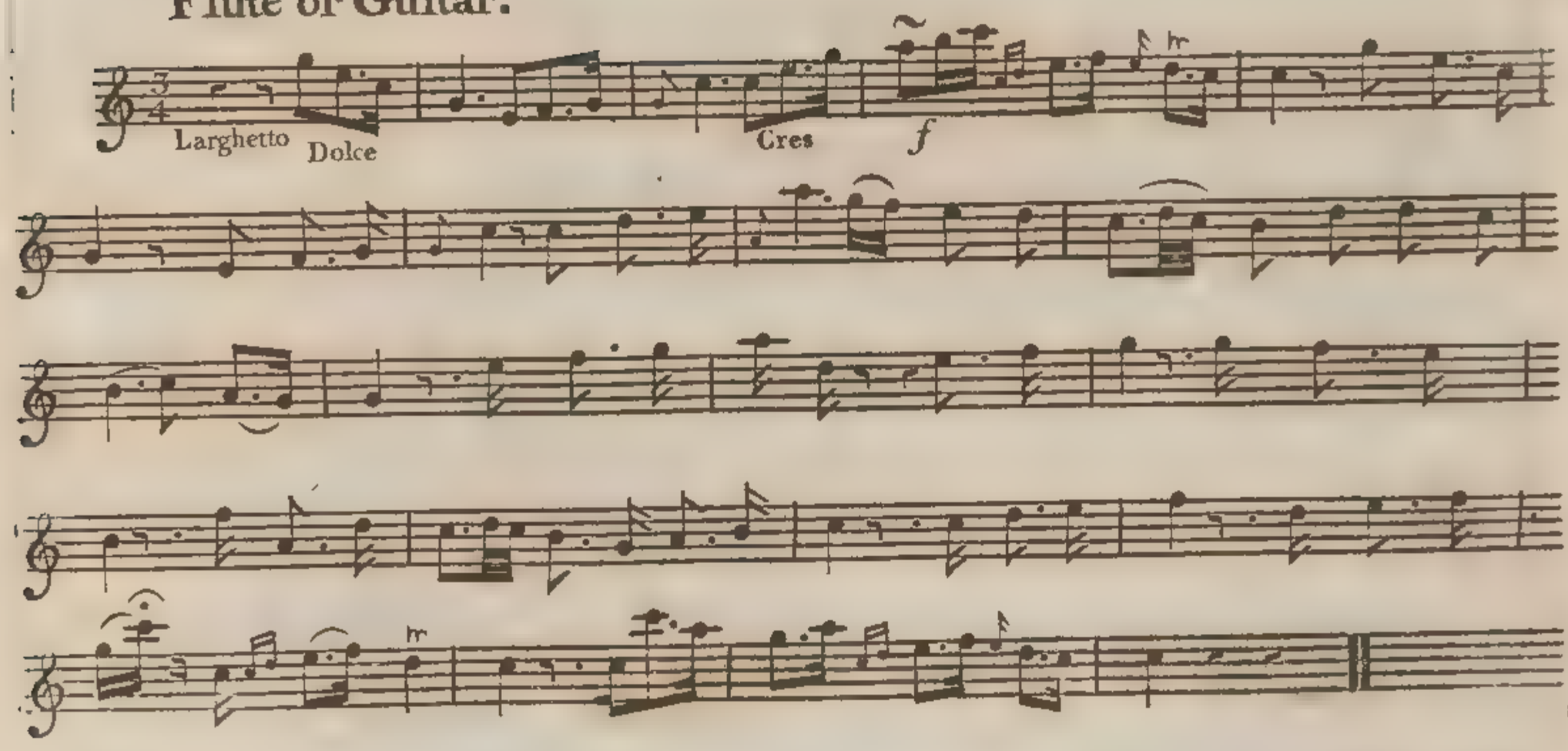
3

A Friendly voice poor WILLIAM hail'd,
A Ruffian Gang the youth assail'd,
'Twas done by cursed Gold,
The Tender for the offing stood,
The Cutter skimm'd the yielding flood,
They hatch'd him in the hold.

4

She troubled walks the beach in haste,
And troubled look'd the watry waste,
And by the floating wave,
A Corpse was wash'd upon the Shore,
T'was WILLIAM! and with tears they bore,
Two lovers to the Grave.

Flute or Guitar.



HE LOVES AND RIDES AWAY.

A Favorite Ballad,

as Sung with unbounded applause by

Mrs LISTON.

at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

And Mrs COOKE.

At the Theatre Royal Dublin.

Composed & Arranged with an Accompt. for the Pian: Forte

By C. E. HORN.

Price 1s.

Ent.d at Stat. Hall

Lond.n Printed by Goulding & Co.s 17 New Bond Street & 71 Dame Street Dublin

Allegro Moderato.

He comes the Baron of Mowbrays

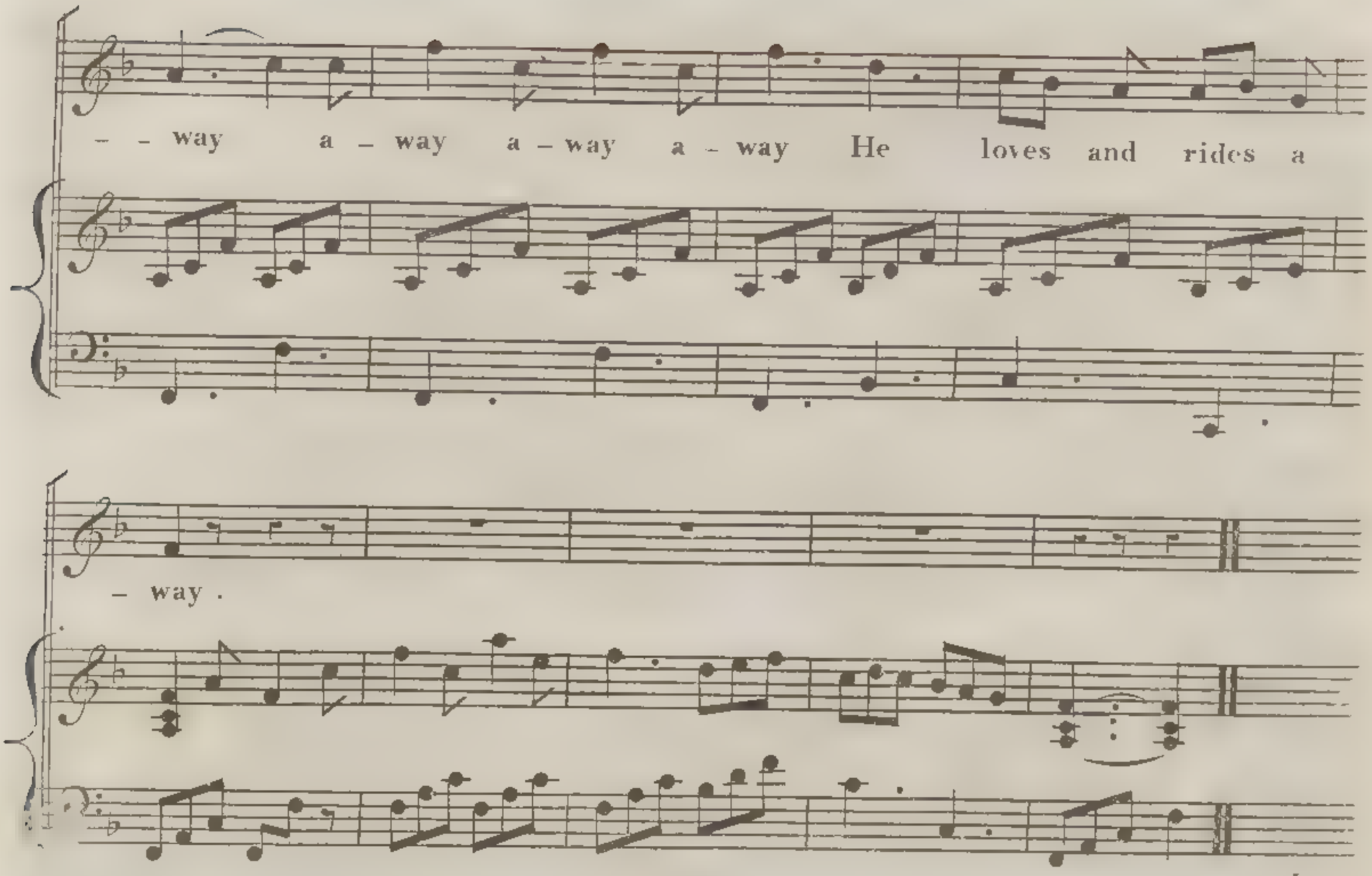
gate was seen A Page with a courser black, There

came out a Knight of Noble mein, And he leap'd on the courser's back,

His arm's were bright his heart was light, And he sang this merry

lay How Jollily lives a fair young Knight, He loves and rides a

way, How Jollily lives a fair young Knight, He loves and rides a -



2

A Lady look'd over the Castle wall,
And she heard the Knight thus sing,
This Lady's tears began to fall,
And her hands she began to wring;
"And did'st thou then thy true love plight,"
"And was it but to betray,"
"Ah tarry awhile my own dear Knight,"
"In pity don't ride away."

3

The Knight of her tears he took no heed,
While scornful laugh'd his eye,
He gave the spur to his prancing steed,
"Good bye, sweet heart, good bye;"
And soon he vanish'd from her sight,
While she was heard to say
"Ah Ladies beware of a fair young Knight,"
"He'll love and he'll ride away."

THE LOVE LETTER 1

A Favorite Song

COMPOSED and Sung by Mr. BRAHAM

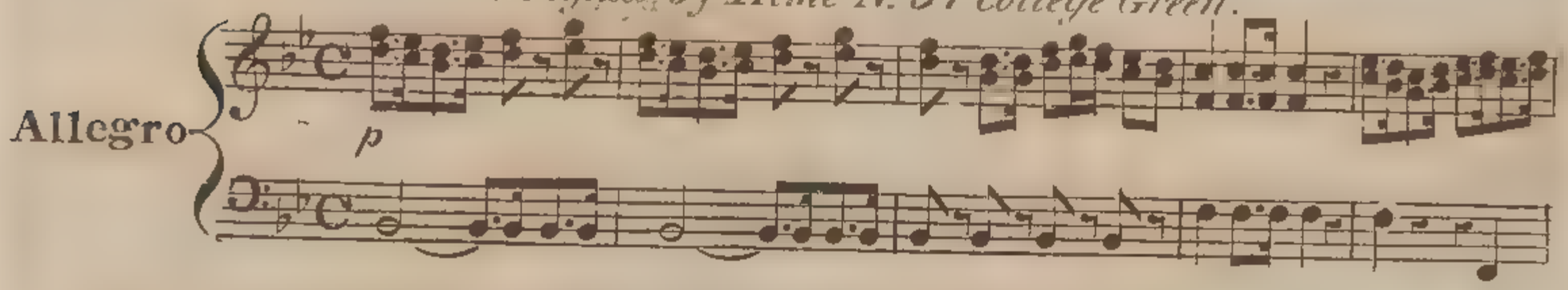
in the new Comic Opera called

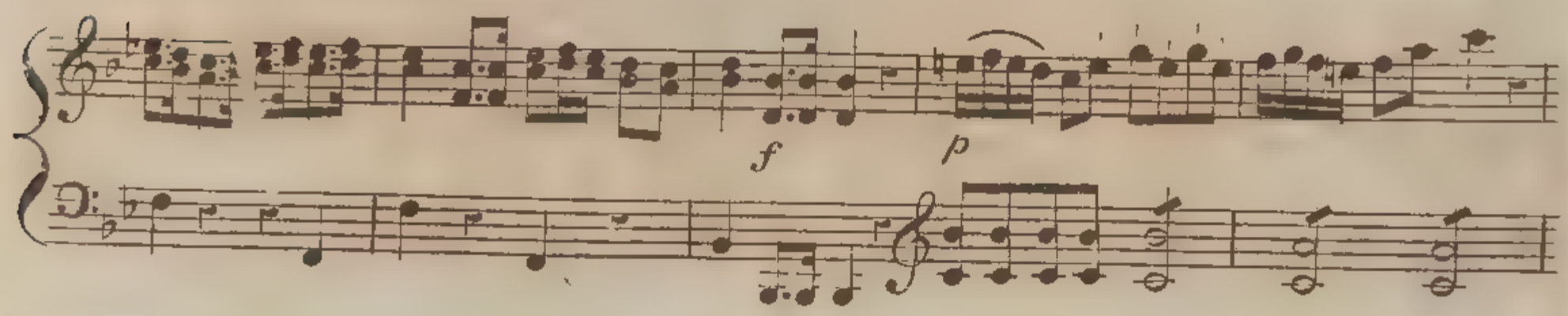
FAMILY QUARRELS.

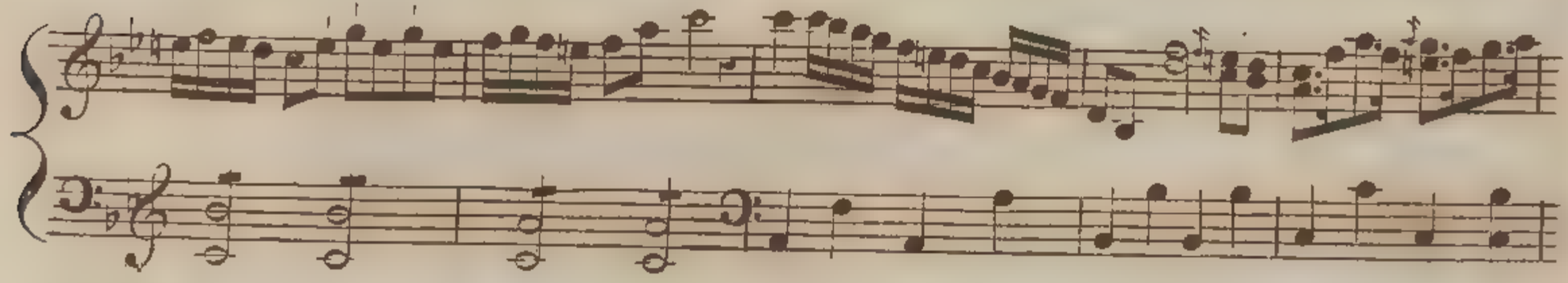
Price 1/7 2

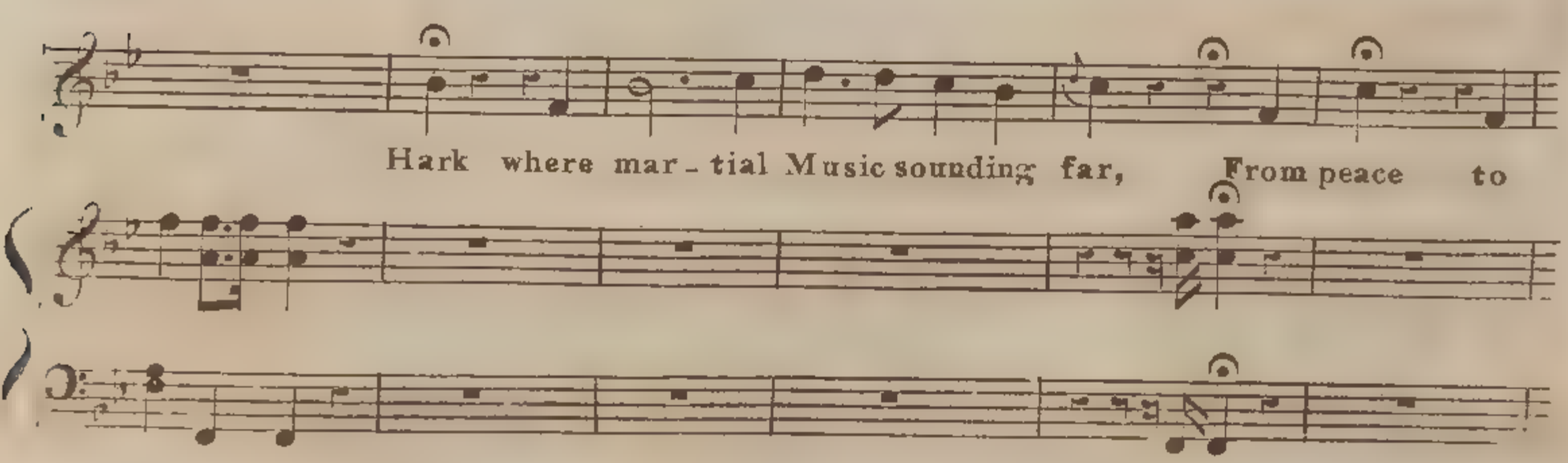
The Words by T. DIBDIN *arranged for the Piano Forte by* D. CORRIE

Dublin Published by Hime N°34 College Green.









glo---ry many a youth in-vites While many a maiden's tears la ments la -

ments the War, That tears her lad from love and loves - - - - - - - - - - -

delights, Till time on Neptune's wings the welcome Letter brings,

The welcome Letter brings and then of promis'd joys she

sweetly sweetly sings of joys - - - - - - - - - She sweetly sweetly sings Whathappy

days shall Sally prov, When blest with William & with love, What happy days shall Sally

ad lib:

prove, When blest with William & with love.

ad lib:

f

March ---- ing o ------ ver Egypts tent-ed

f *p*

plain, Or brav ---- ing Foes on India's dis-tant shore, The youth by fancy

ad lib.

whisperd fears --- a-gain To see his love and native Land --- no more Till

ad lib.

time on Neptune's wings the welcome Letter brings the

welcome Letter brings, and then of promis'd joys She sweetly sweetly sings of joys – – –

She sweetly sweetly sings, what happy days shall William prove, When blest with

Sal-ly and with love. What happy days shall Will. prove When blest with Sal-ly and with

love.

From the Author
H. Hill Crosbie

1

CANZONET,

addressed to a Young Lady on her Birth Day,

the Words by

Lady Blizard,

set to Music, & respectfully inscribed to

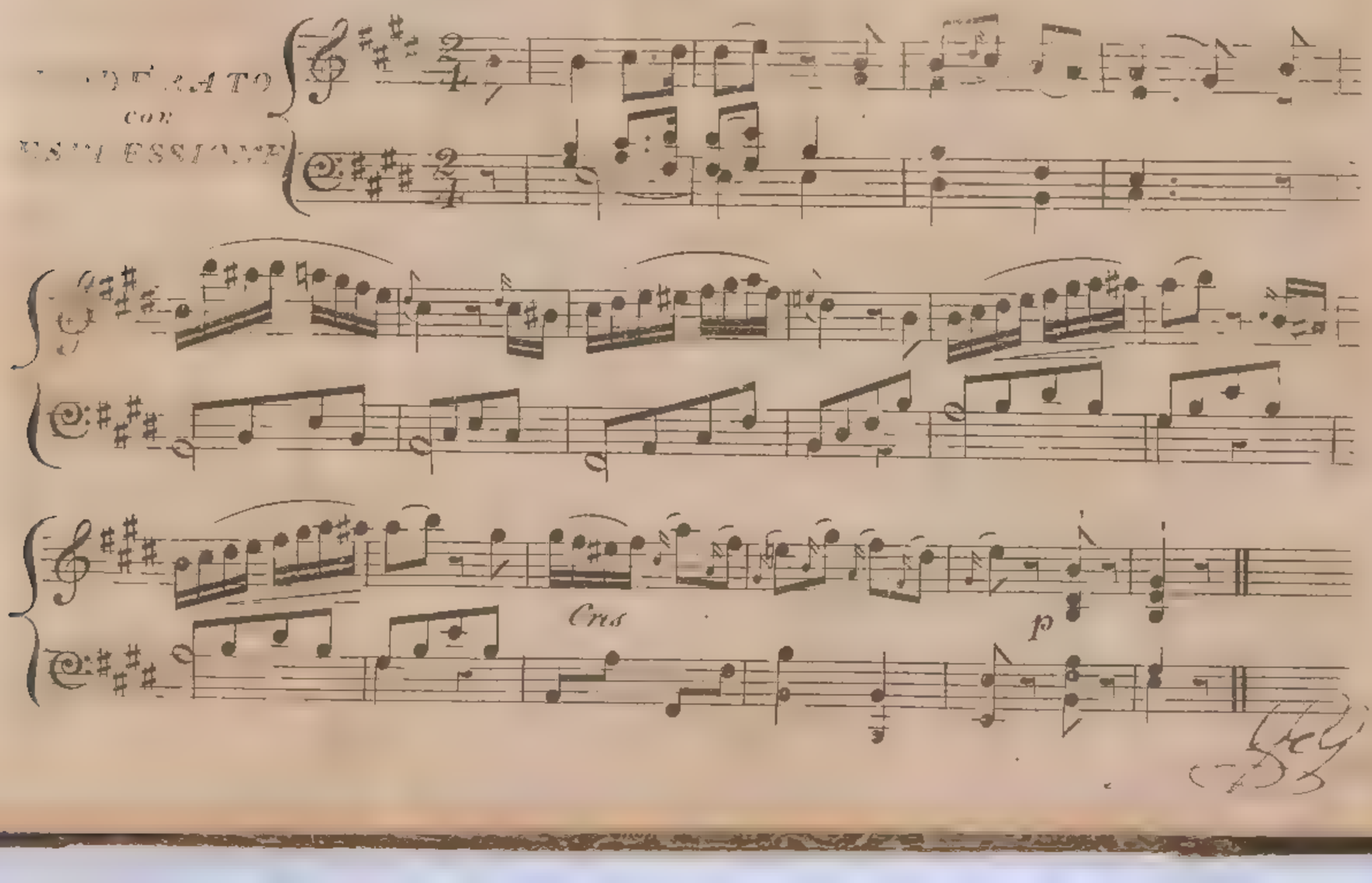
MISS MARY ASTON,

BY

G. E. Griffin

Edit.d at Sta. Hall. Price 1/6

London Printed for the Author by Clementi & Comp.y 26 Cheapside



Aus - - pi - - cious still in each re-volving Year

may this glad day to thee new pleasures bring; In sweet succession

may the train ap-pear as fruits of Autumn from the bloom of Spring as

Cres

1 2

fruits of Autumn from the bloom of Spring. bloom of Spring.

for *fia*

May radiant Wisdom guard thy youthful way, with ev'ry step thy

dulce

knowledge to in-crease; beaming so brightly that you cannot stray from

"Ways of pleasant-ness and paths of peace" from

ways of plea - sant ness

for

"Ways of plea - sant - ness and paths of peace."

pia

pia

for

But not the virtues you so amply share, (though ev'ry bloom - ing

Cres.

hope unfolds in thee,) can shield thee from the world's corroding care,

pia

or from its bane - - - ful en - vy keep thee free;

or from its bane - ful en - vy keep thee free;

V.S.

4

for *fia*

Yet still Re_li_gion will its force dis_arm,

And Fashion's fol_ly to_tal_ly sub___due;

dolce

with ad_ded lus_tre po_lish ev'_ry charm

for *fia*

which to be_hold is to ad_mire! in you.

which to be___hold

for

which to be_hold is to ad_mire! in you.

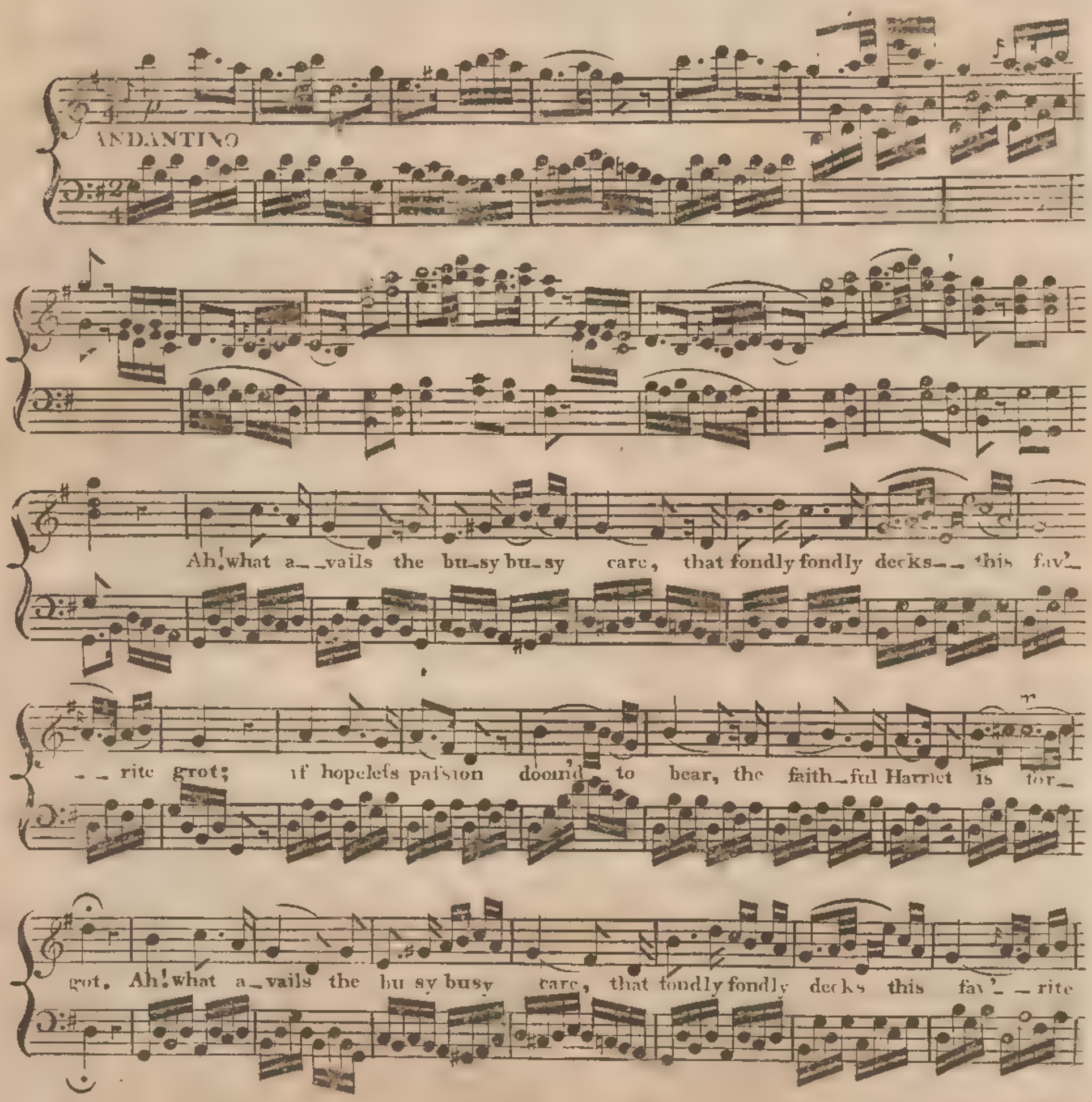
fia *for*

AH! WHAT AVAILS

Composed by Sig.r STORACE.

Price 1/1

DUBLIN. Published by EDMUND LEE, Nº 2, DAME STREET near the ROYAL EXCHANGE.



grot. If hopeleſs paſsion doom'd to bear, the faith_ful Harriet is for_got. Oh!

col arco

no, my heart, so true my heart so true to love my heart shall con_fi__dence ac_quire, my

heart shall con___fi_dence ac__quire. Come smiling Hope and let me

prove the Joys thou can'st in_spire, the Joys the Joys thou can'st in_

_spire

Come smiling Hope and let me prove prove the Joys thou can'st in_

3 3 3

spire, the Joys thou can'st in__spire thou can'st in spire, thou

mf

can'st inspire, thou can'st inspire.

8

FAREWELL ODE.

Music & Words by Tho. Moore Esqr.

Printed for J. Carpenter, Old Bond Street.

Tenderly

Sweet - est Love I'll not for - get thee,

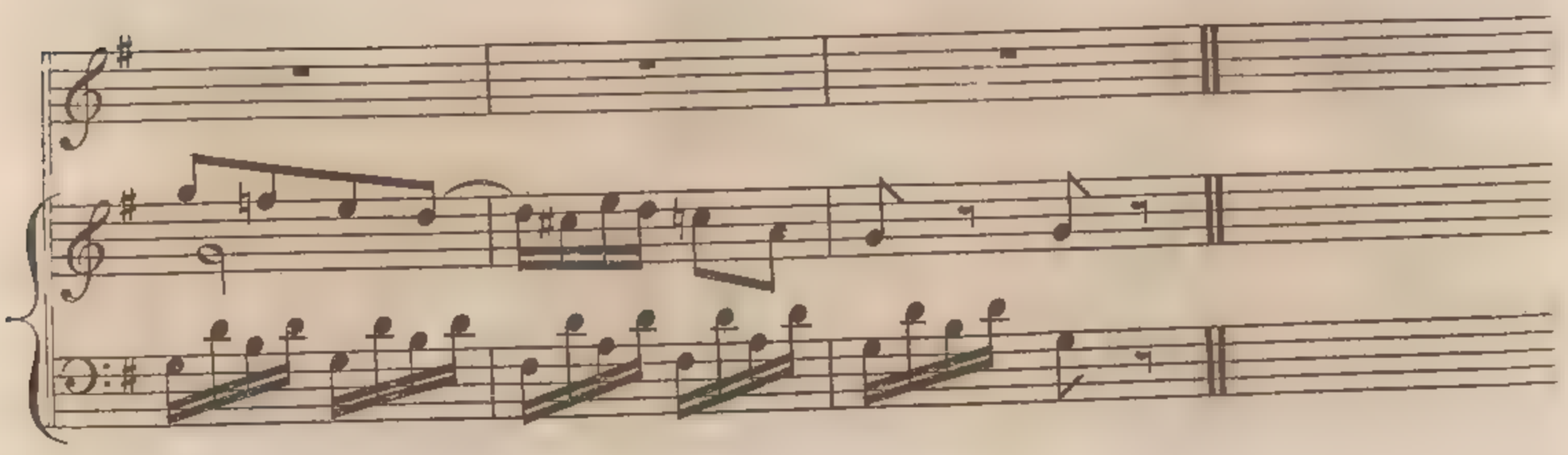
Time shall on - - ly teach my heart, Fon - der war - - mer

to re - - gret thee, Love - ly, gen - - tle as thou art!

Fare - - - wel Bes - - sy! we may meet a -

- gain Fare - - - wel Bes - - sy

we may meet a - - gain.



Yes, oh! yes again we'll meet, Love,
And repose our hearts at last;
Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet, Love,
Calm to think on sorrows past.
Farewell Bessy!
We may meet again.

Yet I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me!
Farewel Bessy!
We may meet again.

Calm to peace thy Lover's bosom —
Can it, dearest, must it be,
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell Bessy!
Yet oh! not for ever.

The Wreath you wove.

A BALLAD.

Dedicated to Miss Ellen Moore.

by Thos Moore Esqr

London, Published at J. Power's Music Warehouse 34 Strand
and W. Power's 4 Westmorland Street, Dublin.

Andante

pp

The Wreath you wove the Wreath you wove Is fair but oh! how fair If

pp sf

pi - ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to min - gle there If

Dim

ev'. ry Rose with Gold were tied Did Gems for Dew d'ops fall One

p *sf* Dol

Ral^to tempo

fa - ded leaf Where Love had sigh'd Were sweet - ly worth them all The

Wreath you wove the Wreath you wove Our emblem well may be It's

p

bloom is yours but hopeless Love Must keep it's Tears for me If

ev'- ry Rose with Gold were tied, Did Gems for Dew - drops fall One

mf Dol

Ral.to Tempo

fa - ded leaf where Love had sigh'd Were sweet - ly worth them all The

pp

Wreath you wove the Wreath you wove Our emblem well may be, It's

p

bloom is yours but hope - less Love, Must keep it's Tears for me.

Ral.o

W. F. Bradshaw
Antique Dealer
Queen Street Woollahra